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BOTH IN PROSE AND VERSE,

ADAPTED TO PUPILS OF ALL AGES,

AND ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS,

AND OTHER PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

BY

CHARLES W. SANDERS, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF "SPELLING BOOK," "SERIES OF SCHOOL READERS," "ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH WORDS," "ELOCUTIONARY CHART," ETC.

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PREFACE.

Ye who see no sin in laughing,
Rather joy exub'rant quaffing
With a will the sparkling spirits
Which the youthful soul inherits,—
Ye who wit and humor relish,
Which so often truth embellish,—
Ye who sympathize with boyhood
In its simple, natural joyhood;
(That's a word just made to order,
But of thought no bad recorder,)
Drawing from its fun and frolic
Feelings anti-melancholic;
Seeing, in its sport and laughter,
Nothing evil coming after,—
Ye who know the heart that's merry
Never fails to give the very
Look of cheer and cheek of cherry;
Ye who pleasure take in using
Books instructive and amusing,
As a means of bliss diffusing
Over homes, however lowly,
However high, however holy,—
Ye who love a school-room cheerful,
Where no little eye is tearful,
And no little face is fearful,—

Which is all very foolish

Ye who all these things do favor,
As a sweet, attractive savor,
Or exhilarating flavor,—
Open wide this UNION SPEAKER.
Here is mirth for all that seek her;
Here is that diversion needful,
Of which many are unheedful,
But which (note the derivation,)
Takes the name of *recreation*,
Because, in fact, of its reviving
Spirits scarcely yet surviving.
Here are scenes all bright and sunny;
Speeches short, and apt, and funny;
And of wit the very honey;
Here, in strains sometimes bombastic,
Sometimes gentle, oft sarcastic,
Ever stirring and elastic,
Genial humor reigns supremely,
Yet without a word unseemly.
Go, then, happy little SPEAKER,
Though the world is so much bleaker
Than befits the joyous spirit
Which is just thy chiefest merit,—
Go, and give the magic potion
That enkindles kind emotion,—
Go, and cherish heart-communion,
Only source of solid union,—
Go, and somber shadows banish,—
Go, and make the horrors vanish,—
Go, and joy be with thee ever,—
Go, and stop thy going never!

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GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO YOUNG SPEAKERS.

1. Never attempt to speak a piece until it is perfectly learned.

2. Never attempt to speak in public before rehearsing your piece several times in presence of the teacher, in order that you may learn where to place the proper emphasis, and how to secure the proper pitch and tone of voice.

3. When called upon to speak in public, endeavor to be perfectly composed, and fix your mind intently upon the subject; otherwise you will be likely to speak too fast, and blunder through the piece in an indistinct and imperfect manner.

4. Find out the occasion on which the speech was originally spoken, that you may understand and feel the sentiment contained in it. Imagine yourself to be the original speaker, and endeavor to express the sentiments in the most earnest and impressive manner.

5. It is of the utmost importance that the young speaker acquire a clear, full, and pure tone of voice. To do this, the chest should be thrown forward, the head kept erect, the lungs well supplied with air, and the mouth and throat properly opened, so that the voice may issue forth without obstruction.

6. At the commencement of the piece, the tone of voice should be quite moderate, unless the speech begins in an excited or spirited manner. As the subject increases in interest, the tone of voice should become more earnest, and vary with the subject.

ATTITUDE AND GESTURE.

7. Endeavor to come on the platform in the most graceful manner, and take an easy, erect position before bowing to the audience. In bowing, bend the neck quite slowly, with but slight inclination of the body.

8. The position of the body, while speaking, should be *natural*, resting mainly on the *left* foot; the *right* foot being thrown forward a little, with the heel toward the instep of the left. By this means, a free use is given to the *right* arm, which should be most frequently used in gesticulating.

9. Do not stand in one position during the whole speech, but change the posture as the subject of the piece seems to require. Avoid, however, a constant motion or swinging of the body.

10. Make no *gesture* without a *reason*. At first, you should attempt only those gestures of which you understand the force and meaning. For, gesture that has its origin in mere caprice, is sure to be artificial, and often strangely inappropriate.

11. The gesture should ever accompany the utterance of the *emphatic* word, and should be energetic or gentle, according to the nature of the subject.

NOTATION IN MODULATION.

(°)	high.	(*p.*)	soft.
(°°)	high and loud.	(*pp.*)	very soft.
(₀)	low.	(*f.*)	loud.
(₀₀)	low and loud.	(*ff.*)	very loud.
(=)	quick.	(*pl.*)	plaintive.
(″)	short and quick.	(<)	increase.
(*sl.*)	slow.	(>)	decrease.

SANDERS'

UNION SPEAKER.

EXERCISE I.

OPENING ADDRESS.

J. N. M.

Ye who scorn not humble scholars,
Such as we are, and whom dollars
Have not had the sordid sway
To keep you from this place to-day,—
Ye who come, with presence cheering,
Just to give us friendly hearing,
Or, with natural interest, fearing
For some loved one's first appearing,—
Ye who come, with smiles and graces,
Belles or *beaux*, whiche'er your case is,
Though brought here by other forces
Than are found in our discourses,—
Ye who come, with eagle vision,
Just to give a sharp decision,
Though we hope such bitter feeling,
None will here be found revealing,—
Ye who come, whatever brought you,
Be assured, as surely ought you,
We are very glad to meet you,
And with cordial wishes greet you;
Nay, we hope so well to treat you,

As to gain opinions golden :
Hopes like these our hearts embolden;
Yet, if all our efforts vain you
Find to please and entertain you,
One blessed hope we have in store,
Since we can hope for nothing more,—
We hope, at least, *to make you snore!*

EXERCISE II.

I'M TWELVE TO-DAY.

1. *I'm twelve! I'm twelve, to-day!*
Hurrah, boys, let us shout!
Come, leave your work and play,
And kick old care away;
Ye gloomy thoughts, get out!
We'll have no mopes about;
I'm twelve! I'm twelve, to-day!

2. *I'm twelve! I'm twelve, to-day!*
A dozen years have fled
Since first the morning ray,
All sober, cold, and gray,
Stole in upon my head;
How fast old Time hath sped!
I'm twelve! I'm twelve, to-day!

3. *I'm twelve! I'm twelve, to-day!*
Then help me to be glad!
Come all, and let's be gay,—
There's nothing more to pay
For being bright than sad:
Cheer up, then, lass and lad!
I'm twelve! I'm twelve, to-day!

EXERCISE III.

1. Ec′ sta sy, great joy; rapture. 2. Ech′ o ed, resounded.

MY FIRST WHISTLE.

1. Of all the toys I've ever known,
I loved that whistle best;
It was my *first*, it was my *own*,
And I was doubly blest.

2. 'Twas Saturday, and afternoon,—
That school-boy's jubilee,
When the young heart is all in tune,
From book and ferule free.

3. I then was in my seventh year,
The birds were all a-singing;
Above a brook that rippled clear,
A willow-tree was swinging.

4. My brother James was very cute,
He climbed that willow-tree;
He cut a branch, and I was mute
The while with ecstasy.[1]

5. With penknife he did cut it round,
And gave the bark a wring;
He shaped the mouth and tried the sound;
It was a glorious thing!

6. I blew that whistle, full of joy;
It echoed[2] o'er the ground;
And never, since that simple toy,
Such music have I found.

EXERCISE IV.

1. TRĀIL′ ED, dragged. 2. MIS TRUST′, suspect. 3. SUN′ DER, tear in pieces. 4. CŎM′ RADE$, companions.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

C. W. S.

To be spoken by a very small boy, with a flag in his hand. He marches upon the platform, at the head of a company of boys, all of whom give three hearty cheers: Hurrah! *hurrah!* HURRAH!

1. Boys, I'm for the Stars and Stripes! When my mother gave me this flag, she said I must never let it be *trailed*[1] *in the dust;* and don't you think I've kept it pretty clean′?

2. When I was coming here to-night, I met a big boy,

And I rather guess
He was a "secesh,"
(And hadn't I reason to mistrust?)[2]
For I heard him brag,
If he had my flag,
He'd tear out the stars,
And sunder[3] the bars,
Then trample it into the dust.

3. But I tell you he didn't *do* it! I held it fast! He then called me "a little white-livered yankee." I told him I didn't care for that, so long as I had the *spirit* of '76 in me,—the *red*, *white*, and *blue;* for

My skin is *white*,
My veins are *blue*,
My blood is *red*,
And all are *true*.

4. If ever the enemy tries to take this flag, there'll be a *big fight*, wont there, boys? [*All respond at once*, YES, SIR!] Yes, my brave comrades,[4] we've thrashed many a flock of geese, felled

many a field of mullen stalks, and drove many old croakers (frogs), into their hiding-places; and if the rebels attempt to take this flag, and *trail it in the dust*, I'll wave its folds in the breeze, and shout, "*Come on, boys!*" And don't you think we'll make them—SKEDADDLE'?

EXERCISE V.

1. E VA' SION, act of avoiding. 2. DIS SEM' BLING, acting the hypocrite.

YES OR NO.

1. WHEN of a man I ask a question,
   I wish he'd answer "*yes*" or "*no*;"
   Not stay to make some smooth evasion,[1]
   And only tell me, "*may be so.*"

2. When of a friend I wish to borrow
   A little cash, to hear him say,
   "I've none *to-day*, but on *to-morrow*,"—
   Is worse than if he told me "*nay.*"

3. I, from my soul, despise all quibbling,
   I'll use it not with friend or foe;
   But, when they ask, without dissembling,[2]
   I'll plainly answer, "*yes*" or "*no.*"

4. Why all this need of plastering over,
   What we in fact intend to show;
   Why not, at once, with much less labor,
   Say frankly, "*yes*, my friend," or "*no?*"

5. But, when I ask that trembling question,
   "Will you be mine, my dearest miss?"
   Then let there be no hesitation,
   But say distinctly, "*yes*, sir, *yes.*"

EXERCISE VI.

1. Pan a ce' a, a universal medicine.

BENEFIT OF PURE AIR.

As the speaker utters the first sentence, let the windows be thrown open.

1. Throw open the window, and fasten it there!
   Fling the curtain aside and the blind,
   And give a free entrance to heaven's pure air;
   'Tis the life and the health of mankind.

2. Are you fond of coughs, colds, dyspepsia, and rheums'?
   Of headaches, and fevers, and chills'?
   Of bitters, hot drops, and medicine-fumes,
   And bleeding, and blisters, and pills'?

3. Then shut yourself up like a monk in his cave,
   Till nature grows weary and sad;
   And imagine yourself on the brink of the grave,
   With nothing that's cheerful and glad.

4. Be sure, when you sleep, that all air is shut out!
   Place, too, a warm brick to your feet;
   Put a bandage of flannel your neck quite about,
   And cover your head with a sheet.

5. But, would you avoid the dark gloom of disease,
   Then haste to the fresh, open air,
   Where your cheek may kindly be fanned by its breeze;
   'Twill make you well, happy, and fair.

6. Oh, prize not this lightly—so precious a thing!
   'Tis laden with gladness and wealth;
   The richest of blessings that Heaven can bring,
   The bright panacea[1] of health.

7. Then open the window, and fasten it there!
Fling the curtain aside and the blind,
And give a free entrance to heaven's pure air;
'Tis life, light, and joy to mankind.

EXERCISE VII.

1. AB′ STI NENCE, a refraining from indulgence in appetite. 2. IN FIRM′-I TIE$, diseases. 3. GLUT′ TON Y, excess in eating.

The speaker that personates the Echo, should be screened from the audience, and utter his part with the same pitch and inflection of voice, as that expressed by the one who personates the Glutton, though somewhat weaker.

THE GLUTTON AND THE ECHO.

Glutton. Who curbs his appetite's a fool`.
Echo. Ah, fool`!
Glut. I do not like this abstinence`![1]
Echo. Hence`!
Glut. My joy's a feast, my wish is wine`!
Echo. Swine`!
Glut. Will it hurt me if I eat too much′?
Echo. Much′!
Glut. [*louder.*] Thou mockest me, nymph, I'll not believe it`.
Echo. Believe it`!
Glut. Dost thou condemn, then, what I do′?
Echo. I do′!
Glut. Is it that which brings infirmities′?[2]
Echo. It is′!
Glut. Then, sweet Temperance, I'll love thee`.
Echo. I love thee`!
Glut. If all be true which thou dost tell,
To gluttony[3] I bid farewell`.
Echo. Farewell`.

EXERCISE VIII.

AN UNLUCKY ONE.

1. I BELIEVE I am born to losses and crosses for my whole life. If I play at "Odds and Evens," I can never once guess the right way. If I toss up a penny, it is sure to fall head downward.

2. If I have a fine lot of marbles, the first time I attempt to play with some boy, he's sure to win them all.

3. If I have a bran new knife,—one that I prize very highly on account of its being a present from my sister, it is sure to slip through some unlucky hole in my pockets, and fall where I can never find it.

4. If I "go a-berrying," and get my basket full, I'm sure to stumble and spill them all, before I get home.

5. If I go in company, and try to appear smart, I'm sure to say or do something that I'm ashamed of ever after.

6. I never had a piece of bread,
Particularly large and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And *always* on the buttered side.

EXERCISE IX.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

1. You'd scarce expect a boy like me,
To get up here where all can see,
And make a speech as well as those
Who wear the largest kind of clothes.

2. I think it was in olden time,
That some one said in funny rhyme,
Tall aches from little toe-corns grow,
Large screams from little children flow.

3. And, if that rhymer told the truth,
Though I am now a little youth,
Perhaps I'll make as great a noise,
As some who are much older boys.

4. I will not speak of Greece and Rome,
But tell you what I've learned at home;
And what was taught me when at school,
While sitting on a bench or stool.

5. I've learned to talk, and read, and spell,
And don't you think that's pretty well
For such a little boy as I?
But I must leave you—so, good-by!

EXERCISE X.

LITTLE ROBERT REED'S RESOLUTION.

1. "I'LL never use tobacco, no;
It is a filthy weed;
I'll never put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reed.

2. "Why, there was idle Jesse Jones,
As dirty as a pig;
He smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.

3. "He spent his time and money, too,
And made his mother sad;
She feared a worthless man would come
Of such a worthless lad.

4. "Oh, no! I'll never smoke or chew;
'Tis very wrong indeed;
It hurts the health, it makes bad breath,"
Said little Robert Reed.

EXERCISE XI.

1. GOS' SIP ING, tattling. 2. FIDG' ET Y, restless; uneasy. 3. PROV O-CA' TION, any thing that excites anger.

QUEER PEOPLE.

1. "OH, DEAR, oh! this world quite strange is,
Every day brings forth new changes!"

That's a fact! Indeed, these changes sometimes come so fast that a fellow can't keep up with them.

2. Well, well; this *is* a queer world. No, it isn't, either. I've made a mistake,—'tis a pretty snug little affair, after all. 'Tis the *people* that are queer. Ah, now I have the right end of the rope! Yes; there are a great many *queer people* in this pretty, rolling world of ours.

3. But, of all the *queer people* here below, the croaking, growling, grumbling, gossiping,[1] snarling, snapping, sour, sulky, fidgety,[2] fretful, fault-finding, tattling, back-biting species, are the *queerest.* And they *are* queer; or else I don't understand the word.

4. They think everybody wrong but themselves; and I'm *sure* that's queer. 'Tis *queer* they can't see that the best people in the world are the most candid, open-hearted, affable, kind, charitable, free, and unsuspecting; but then they wouldn't be *queer*, if they saw it; and, as they love to be queer, they *won't* see it!

5. It is *queer* they don't know that people who deserve the most censure themselves, are most apt to be always blaming and scolding their neighbors.

6. It is *queer* they never found out that those who are so keen-sighted as to see only *other people's faults*, are stone-blind in regard to seeing *their own*.

7. 'Tis *queer* they never learned the application of the Savior's words to their own case: "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye." Yes; 'tis *queer;* but then, if all this wasn't queer, *they* wouldn't be queer; and then they'd fight with themselves; or, like the Kilkenny cats, eat themselves for being like other people. And so they go through life, fretting at every thing that isn't as queer as themselves.

8. A fretting man or woman, is something like a wasp: (however, to the honor of the wasp be it said, he won't sting you unless you disturb him;) but a fault-finding, fretful, peevish, dissatisfied mortal goes through life, buzzing and stinging without provocation[2].

9. Ah, my friends, never get *queer!* It is useless. It makes nothing come out right. It sets no broken bones; it stops no leaks; it gathers no spilt milk; it mends no smashed pitchers; it fattens no pigs; it cures no spoiled hay; it saves no damaged grain; it changes no east wind; it makes nobody love you; it only makes people laugh; for they know that barking dogs never bite. I wonder if there are any *queer people* in this house? I reckon not, though.

EXERCISE XII.

THE JOLLY OLD CROW.

1. On the limb of an oak sat a jolly old crow
   And chatted away *with glee, with glee,*
   As he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
   And he cried, "It's all *for me, for me!*

2. "Look, look, how he scatters his seeds around,
   He is wonderful kind to *the poor, the poor;*

If he'd empty it down in a pile on the ground,
I could find it much better, *I'm sure, I'm sure!*

3. "I've learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,
Who has such a regard for *the crow, the crow,*
That he lays out his grounds in a regular plan,
And covers his corn in *a row, a row!*

4. "He must have a very great fancy for me;
He tries to entrap me *enough, enough;*
But I measure his distance as well as he,
And when he comes near, *I'm off, I'm off!*"

EXERCISE XIII.

THE LITTLE ROAN COLT.

1. Pray, how shall I, a little lad,
In speaking make a figure?
You're only joking, I'm afraid;
Do wait till I am bigger.

2. But, since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise, with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.

3. I'll tell a tale, how farmer John
A little roan colt bred, sir,
And every night and every morn,
He watered and he fed, sir.

4. Said neighbor Joe to farmer John,
"Aren't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little useless colt, sir."

5. Said farmer John to neighbor Joe,
"I'll bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he *now* can do,
But *will* do, when he's grown up."

6. The moral you can well espy,
To keep the tale from spoiling,—
The little colt, you think, is I,
I know it by your smiling.

7. And now, my friends, please to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so I'll make my manners.

EXERCISE XIV.

THE TRAVELER AND THE LANDLORD.

Traveler. Landlord, will you please give my horse some hay?

Landlord. I am entirely out of hay, sir.

Trav. You may give him some oats, then.

Land. I have neither hay nor oats.

Trav. You may give him some meal.

Land. I am out of meal, just now.

Trav. Well, have you any corn?

Land. No, indeed; I have just sent the last bushel to the mill.

Trav. As you have nothing for my horse, what can I have for dinner?

Land. What would you like, sir?

Trav. I would like a broiled chicken.

Land. I have no chickens, sir.

Trav. Well, then I will take some ham and eggs.

Land. I am entirely out of both.

Trav. Have you any lamb chops?

Land. I have not; but I have some very fine fish.

Trav. Have you any trout?

Land. I have no trout; but I have some very fine eels. Will you have some fried eels, sir?

Trav. I am not fond of eels, sir. What kind of wine have you?

Land. What would you like?

Trav. Some port.

Land. I have no port, sir.

Trav. A little sherry, then.

Land. I have so little call for wine that I don't keep none of no kind.

Trav. Then, give us some lemonade.

Land. Yes, sir; do you prefer it with lemon or without?

Trav. How do you expect to make it without lemon? Have you any pies, cake, or beer?

Land. No, sir; I am entirely out, just now.

Trav. Pray, sir; what *do* you keep?

Land. Keep! why, sir, I KEEP A TAVERN.

EXERCISE XV.

THE PIONEER.

1. WITH the Pioneer Ax what a conquest is made;
What a field from the forest is won!
What regions, reduced from the wilderness shade,
And new warmed in the beams of the sun!

2. From the rock where our fathers *in exile* first landed,
Their clearing from river to river has spread;
And mountains and plains by their sons are commanded,
Till now on the beach of Pacific they tread.

3. What a *farm* for a nation to cultivate now,
And gather the wonderful harvest it yields!
'Tis an Empire reduced to the Sickle and Plow,
An empire of gardens, and orchards, and fields!

4. Hail, Nation of Farmers! rejoice in your toil,
And shout when your harvest is o'er;
Receive the oppressed to your land with a smile,
But frown every foe from your shore.

5. The Plow and the Sickle shall shine bright in glory,
When the Sword and the Scepter shall crumble in rust;
And the farmer *shall live* both in song and in story,
When warriors and kings are forgotten in dust.

EXERCISE XVI.

SOLOMON CROUT.

1. I'll tell you a story, and what it's about:
A fine little fellow, called Solomon Crout;
The best of all boys for frolic and fun,
But never, oh, never, till work is all done!

2. And work he begins as soon as it's light:
Chops wood, makes a fire, all burning so bright,
And puts on the kettle and sweeps the dirt out;
A fine little fellow is Solomon Crout.

3. He's nimble and quick, he's careful and wise,
He keeps his mouth shut, and opens his eyes;

He works for his father and helps his dear mother,
And does all he can for sister and brother.

4. He'll run of an errand before you can wink,
He'll know what you want before you can think;
Oh, you must know, he's worth telling about!
A fine little fellow is Solomon Crout.

5. He never gets angry, he never tells lies;
If things don't go right, the harder he tries;
He can play without snarling, or fighting, or swearing,
And if any one does what he feels there's no bearing,

6. He says, "If you act so, I'm sure I can't stay;"
And Solomon laughs, and scampers away.
Oh, I never saw Solomon skulking about!
Good-natured and merry is Solomon Crout.

7. Now Solomon's poor and wears an old hat,
And he's homely to look at; but who cares for that?
But, stop; is he here? He's *always* at school,
He learns all he can, and minds every rule.

8. But, no; I don't see him; he's *not* here to-day,
So I'll finish, at once, what I'm going to say:
That of all the good boys I know here about,
The one we love best, is Solomon Crout.

EXERCISE XVII.

LITTLE GEORGE'S TROUBLES.

FANNY FERN.

1. AUNT LIBBY patted me on the head the other day, and said, "George, my boy, this is the happiest part of your life."

2. I guess Aunt Libby don't know much. I guess she never worked a week to make a kite, and the first time she went to fly

it, got the tail hitched in a tall tree, whose owner wouldn't let her climb up to disentangle it.

3. I guess she never broke one of the runners of her sled some Saturday afternoon when it was prime coasting. I guess she never had to give her biggest marbles to a great lubberly boy, because he would thrash her, if she didn't.

4. I guess she never had him twitch off her best cap, and toss it into a mud-puddle. I guess she never had to give her humming top to quiet the baby, and had the paint all sucked off.

5. I guess she never saved all her pennies a whole winter to buy a trumpet, and then was told she must not blow it, because it would *make a noise!* No; Aunt Libby don't know much. How should she? *She never was a boy!*

EXERCISE XVIII.

1. HAM' LET, small village. 2. SPĪRE, steeple.

THE PRETTY PICTURES.

Written for my little girl to speak at school.

1. I AM a little peasant girl,
   My father's very poor;
   No rich and handsome things have we,
   No carpet on our floor.

2. And yet, this morning, when I woke,
   I saw, to my surprise,
   Four pretty pictures in my room,
   Alike in shape and size.

3. The first was of a lake so clear,
   With woods encircled round,
   Through which there sprang a frightened deer,
   Pursued by many a hound.

4. The second is a quiet stream,
Which through a valley winds;
Tall trees and shrubs are on the brink,
And flowers of various kinds.

5. The next a little hamlet[1] seems,
With its neat church and spire;[2]
Behind it hills and mountains rise
Up to the clouds, and higher.

6. The last is a vast waterfall,
Which a broad lake supplies;
Masses of water tumble down,
And clouds of spray arise.

7. These pictures all will fade away,
I know it to my sorrow;
But mother says she thinks I'll have
Four *other* ones to-morrow.

8. Who gives them to me, do you ask?
And how much do they cost?
The giver I have never seen;
The painter is—JACK FROST.

EXERCISE XIX.

1. BUG' BEÂR$, false terrors. 2. PHAN' TOM$, apparitions.

MY FATHER'S HALF-BUSHEL.

1. My father's half-bushel comes oft to my mind,
And wakens deep feelings of various sorts;
'Twas an *honest* half-bushel, a *noble* half-bushel,
It held a half-bushel of *thirty-two quarts!*

2. When I think of that bushel,—my father's half-bushel,
That dear old half-bushel, so honest and true,—
Then look at the bushels, our *city* half-bushels,
Little dandy half-bushels,—it makes me feel blue!

3. Oh, my father's half-bushel, that *country* half-bushel!
Say, when, with blest vision, its like shall I see?
'Twas a *blessed* half-bushel, and *he a true man;*
For he filled his half-bushel, and something threw free.

4. Oh, what are the lawyers, and what are the laws,
But bugbears[1] and phantoms,[2]—mere feathers or straws!
Unless our *half-bushels* are all made as one,
Like father's half-bushel, I say, we're undone!

EXERCISE XX.

BITING ONE'S OWN NOSE OFF.

1. My friends, did you ever know any one to "bite his own nose off?" If so, I think you will agree with me, that it is not a very profitable business. Therefore, never "bite your *own* nose off." It don't pay well. You may possibly disoblige another person a little by the operation, and, if you are in a particularly bad *huff*, you may get about as much enjoyment from the operation as you could hold on the point of a cambric-needle. But when you come to balance the accounts, after adding up the items of pleasure on the *one* side, and the pain on the *other*, you will find that "biting your nose off" is a most ruinous business.

2. My friends, *it don't pay well.* I am *sure* of it. You will find it out, if you are ever foolish enough to try it. *I know all about it.* I used, once in a while, when I was quite young, and rather more foolish than I am now-a-days, to try my hand at it, and I always found it a bad business. It was one of the poorest investments I ever made in my life. It paid no cents on the dollar.

3. This "biting of one's nose off" makes me think of a silly fellow who was hunting a coon. Having chased the animal up a high tree, and to the very end of one of the branches, he took an ax, climbed the tree, got upon the limb where the coon was, cut it off between himself and the body of the tree, and down he fell, with the coon, to the ground, coming pretty near being mistaken for the coon by the dogs, and torn in pieces. If he didn't bite his own nose off, the dogs came very near doing it for him.

EXERCISE XXI.

THINGS I LOVE.

To be spoken by a little child.

1. I LOVE this world so beautiful,
   I love the flowers and trees;
   I love the softly murmuring brook,
   I love the cooling breeze.

2. I love the birds that sing so sweet,
   I love the gentle shower;
   I love the little twinkling star,
   I love the twilight hour.

3. I love my Savior best of all,
   I love to sing His praise;
   I love to listen to His call:
   "Ye children, seek my grace."

4. I love to hear of Heaven, my home,
   Where all is bright and fair;
   I love to think the time will come
   When I may enter there.

EXERCISE XXII.

1. A CHIĒV' ED, performed. 2. DIS HEĂRT' EN ED, discouraged.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

1. ONE step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

2. So the little coral-workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant, dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.[1]

3. Then, do not look disheartened[2]
O'er the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You *never* can get through;
But just endeavor, day by day,
Another point to gain;
And soon the mountain which you feared,
Will prove to be a plain.

4. "Rome was not builded in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And Nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.

Think not of *far-off* duties,
But of duties which are *near;*
And, having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.

EXERCISE XXIII.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

J. E. CARPENTER.

1. DON'T tell me of *to-morrow!*
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a *good deed's* to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present,
If we *act*, and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of a past that comes too late!

2. Don't tell me of *to-morrow!*
There's much to *do*, *to-day*,
That ne'er can be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty:
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till *to-morrow*,
What *to-day* can do as well?

3. Don't tell me of *to-morrow!*
Let us look upon the past:
How much there is we've left undone,
Will be undone at last!
TO-DAY,—it is the *only* time
For all on this frail earth:
It takes an *age* to form a life,—
A *moment* gives it birth!

EXERCISE XXIV.

THE CONTRADICTION.

CHARACTERS.— JANE, MARIA, and MOTHER.

Jane. Maria, did you see the fine, fat turkey that Margaret, the cook, had in her basket?

Maria. You mean the goose, my dear, it was a *goose*, not a turkey.

Jane. Oh, no! you are mistaken; it was a *turkey*, and not a goose.

Maria. You didn't know the difference, my little Miss; because its feathers were picked off. I tell you again, it was a *goose.*

Jane. But do you think my eyes could so far deceive me that I can't tell chalk from cheese. I say again, it was a *turkey.*

Maria. I say it was a *goose.*

Jane. You *always* contradict me, Maria; it was a *turkey.*

Maria. I do, because you are always so obstinate in your opinion, I really can't help it.

Jane. I am *not* obstinate.

Maria. You are. (*Attempting to cry.*)

Jane. Well, I won't stand here to have my feelings hurt, and be insulted in this way. I'll leave you [*going*]; but it *was a turkey* anyhow.

Maria. Well, well; come back, Jane. I'll give up. Have your own way. It *was* a turkey.

Jane. Well! thank you, Maria; and now that I come to think of it. I really believe it was *not* a turkey, but a *goose.*

Maria. Oh, this is all nonsense! I only said it was a *goose;* because you were so stubborn in saying that it was a *turkey.*

Jane. No, no, Miss; it's not nonsense at all; I spoke hastily. I remember now distinctly that it was a *goose.*

Maria. [*Angrily.*] Upon my word, it is impossible to get

along with you. Don't you make me angry. I tell you it was a *turkey.*

Jane. [*Crying.*] This is really too bad. I tell you I know better; it was *not* a turkey.

Maria. I tell you it was!

Jane. It was a *goose.*

Maria. It was not.

Jane. You are telling a story.

Maria. I am not.

Jane. It was a goose.

Maria. It was a turkey.

Mother. [*Entering.*] What in the world has possessed you girls, you are always quarreling; what's the dispute now?

Jane. } [*Together.*] { About that *goose* that the cook brought home.
Maria. } { About that *turkey* that the cook brought home.

Mother. Oh, fie! for shame! only think of two sisters quarreling about a *goose* and a *turkey.* Oh, shame!

Maria. I'm sure I don't care whether it was a goose or a turkey; but I don't want to put up with impudence, indeed!

Jane. It is not of the slightest concern to me, Miss Consequence, whether it was a goose or a turkey. But I think [*whimpering*], when I gave up to you that it was a goose, you might have given up to me that it was a turkey. [*Puts the corner of her apron to her eye.*]

Mother. Now, my daughters, I have just two things to say to you: First, the subject of your disgraceful quarrel, was neither a goose nor a turkey; but merely a *chicken* of extraordinary size, which your father brought from the late agricultural fair, where it was exhibited. In the second place, neither of you shall taste a piece of it, when it is served up, on account of the noise you have made, and the angry spirit you have shown, at this unpleasant meeting.

EXERCISE XXV.

THE FROG.

1. Of all the funny things that live
In woodland, marsh, or bog,
That creep the ground, or fly the air,
The funniest is the frog.
The frog—the "scientifickest"
Of Nature's handiwork—
The frog, that neither walks nor runs,
But "goes it" with a jerk.

2. With pants and coat of bottle-green,
And yellow fancy vest,
He plunges into mud and mire,—
All in his Sunday best;
When he sits down, he's standing up,
As Paddy Quin once said;
And, for convenience' sake, he wears
His eyes on top his head.

3. He keeps about his native pond,
And ne'er goes on a spree,
Nor gets "How come you so?" for a
Cold water chap is he;
He has his trials by the lump,
Yet holds himself quite cool;
For when they come, he gives a jump,
And drowns 'em in the pool.

4. You see him sitting on a log,
Above the dirty deep;
You feel inclined to say, "Old chap,
Just look before you leap!"

You raise your cane to hit him on
His ugly-looking mug;
But, ere you get it half way up,
Adown he goes, "ker chug!"

EXERCISE XXVI.

1. Re tal i a′ tion, return of like for like.

THE RETALIATION.[1]

James Smith.

1. My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's day;
So, in Kate Wilson's shop,
Papa, (he's my papa and Jack's,)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

2. Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
He thinks mine came to *more* than his;
So, to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

3. Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And *bang*, with might and main,
Its head against the parlor-door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

4. This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry,—it served him right.

(<) A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth'!

EXERCISE XXVII.

THE TWO LISPERS.

SOPHIA and SARAH. C. W. S.

By substituting the letter *s* or *c*, as the case may be, in place of the italicised *th*, the true orthography of the words will be perceived. This dialogue will be best spoken by two girls who naturally lisp; but it may be done by those who are expert in imitation.

SOPHIA. O, *Th*arah! did you *th*ee *Thuth*an *Thimth*on at the *Th*abbath *Th*cool la*th*t *Th*unday.

SARAH. Ye*th;* and did you noti*th* what a *th*plendid, bra*th* brea*th*pin her *thith*ter *Th*ally gave her for a Chri*th*ma*th* pre*th*ent?

SOPHIA. *Th*ertainly I did; and I *th*aw *Th*amuel *Th*umner there too. I *th*'po*th*e he *th*ent you a ni*th*e pre*th*ent for Chri*th*ma*th*.

SARAH. O, ye*th*! He *th*ent me thi*th* *th*ilk *th*carf, and *th*everal pie*th*eth of mola*th*eth candy. What did you re*th*eive for a New Year*th* pre*th*ent?

SOPHIA. Oh, brother I*th*aac *th*ent me a box*th* of trinket*th*,—pin*th*, needle*th*, *thiththorth*, *th*pool of *th*ilk, and *tho* forth!

SARAH. I gue*th* *Th*anford and *Th*uthan intend to *th*pend the *th*ummer at *Th*aratoga *Th*pring*th*.

SOPHIA. I *th*'pect *tho*; her *thith*ter *Th*ally purcha*th*ed her a *th*plendid *th*ilk dre*th* on purpo*th*.

SARAH. *Th*ome folk*th* *th*eem to think they were made ex*th*-pre*th*ly to enjoy them*th*elve*th*.

SOPHIA. Ye*th;* but there i*th* no *th*uch pro*th*pect for u*th;* I

ex*th*pect we mu*tht* go to *th*cool all *th*ummer, and *th*tudy the *th*ound*th* of the letter*th*—mute*th*, *th*emivowel*th*, and liquid*th*. For my part I am heartily *th*ick of them.

Sarah. *Th*o am I. Mi*th*ter Hi*th*goo*th*e *th*eem*th* to pla*th*e great *th*tre*th* on the *th*ound*th* of the letter*th*, e*th*pe*th*ially on the *th*ibilant, or hi*thth*ing *th*ound*th*, a*th* he call*th* them. He even *th*miled becau*th*e I couldn't hi*th*, a*th* he did, in *th*aying *th*in for *thin* (sin).

Sophia. Ye*th*; and he told Mi*th*e*th* *Thimth*on that I li*th*ped becau*th*e I couldn't *th*ay *thixth*pen*th* to *th*uit him; but I couldn't per*th*eive any differen*th*e.

EXERCISE XXVIII.

1. Beet' ling, jutting; overhanging. 2. Em' e rald, a gem of a bright green color; *hence*, green.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

1. To all above, beneath, around,
A language God hath given;
The spreading earth with verdure crowned,
The stars that gem the heaven;
The flower-crowned hill, the sparkling rill,
The leaf, the spreading tree;
The tangled brake, the glassy lake,
And the wide rolling sea!

2. Praise is Nature's holy voice,
Through all this world of ours;
Its notes of joy to Heaven ascend,
Like incense from its flowers.
The birds amid the forest boughs
Pour forth a choral song;
And answering hills, with beauty crowned,
The joyful strain prolong.

3. The beetling[1] rock that bounds the strand,
The emerald[2] robe that clothes the mountain,
The myriad grains of sparkling sand,
The creeping vine, the gushing fountain,
All, *all* proclaim His holy name,
Who spake them into birth;
Who arched the temple of the sky,
And spread the rolling earth.

EXERCISE XXIX.

1. So LIL' O QUY, a talking alone, or to one's self.

HOUSE-MAID'S SOLILOQUY.[1]

FERN LEAVES.

To be spoken by a large girl, dressed in the costume of a house-maid, using a broom or duster.

1. OH, dear, dear! Wonder if my mistress *ever* thinks I am made of flesh and blood? Five times, within half an hour, I have trotted up stairs, to hand her things, that were only four feet from her rocking-chair. Then, there's her son, Mr. George,—it does seem to me that a great able-bodied man like him, needn't call a poor tired woman up four pair of stairs to ask, "what's the time of day?" Heigh ho!—its "Sally do this," and "Sally do that?" till I wish I never had been named at all; and I might as well go farther back, while I am about it, and wish I had never been born.

2. Now, instead of ordering me round so like a dray-horse, if they would only look up smiling-like, now and then; or ask me how my "rheumatiz" did, or say, "Good morning, Sally;" or show some sort of interest in a fellow-creature, I could pluck up a bit of heart to work for them. A kind word would ease the wheels of my tread-mill amazingly, and wouldn't cost *them* any thing, either.

3. Look at my clothes, all at sixes and sevens! I can't get a minute to sew on a string or a button, except at night; and then I am so sleepy it is as much as ever I can find the way to bed; and what a bed it is, to be sure! Why even the pigs are now and then allowed clean straw to sleep on; and, as to bed-clothes, the less said about them the better; my old cloak serves for a blanket, and the sheets are as thin as a charity-school soup.

4. Well, well; one wouldn't think it, to see all the fine, glittering things down in the drawing-room,—Miss Clara's diamond ear-rings, and mistress's rich dresses. I try to think it is all right; but it is no use.

5. To-morrow's Sunday,—"day of rest," I believe they call it. Humph! more cooking to be done—more company—more confusion, than on any other day in the week. If I own a soul, I haven't heard how to take care of it for many a long day. Wonder if my master and mistress calculate to pay me for *that*, if I lose it? It is a *question* in my mind. Land of Goshen! I ain't sure I've got a mind. [*Bell rings.*] There's the bell again.

EXERCISE XXX.

A DIALOGUE ABOUT HEAVEN.

Suitable for two very small girls to speak.

ANN.

Tell me, dear Lucy,
Tell me true,—
What is that thing above so blue?

LUCY.

My little Ann,
We call it sky,—
And there you know
God lives on high.

And it is Heaven
Far up above,
Where angels dwell
In peace and love.

And there, when dead,
Good people go
To dwell with God,
And angels too.

ANN.

'Tis beautiful!
But, sister dear,
Is it in Heaven
As it is here'?

Are there sweet flowers
And blossoms fair,
And silver streams,
And fragrant air'?

And pretty birds
And butterflies,
Are there such things
Above the skies'?

LUCY.

We can not tell;
We only know
'Tis happier there
Than here below.

The sweetest thing
On earth is *Love;*
That fills each heart
In Heaven above.

'Tis love, dear child,
That makes *thee* so,
And Heaven is Love
That's all we know.

EXERCISE XXXI.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

REV. E. PEABODY.

To be spoken in a very sprightly manner.

1. *Away*, AWAY! our *fires* stream *bright*
Along the *frozen river;*
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.
Away, AWAY! for the *stars* are forth,
And on the pure snows of the *valley*,
In a giddy trance, the *moonbeams dance*
Come, let us our *comrades* rally!

2. *Away*, AWAY, o'er the *sheeted ice*,
Away, AWAY we go!
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As the deer o'er Lapland snow.
What though the *sharp north winds* are out?
The *skater heeds* them not;
'Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout,
Gray winter is forgot.

3. Let *others* choose more *gentle* sports,
By the side of the *winter's hearth*,
Or at the *ball* or *festival*,
Seek for their share of mirth;
But as for *me*, *away*, AWAY,
Where the merry SKATERS be,—
Where the *fresh wind blows*, and the *smooth ice glows*,
There is the place for ME.

EXERCISE XXXII.

LAND OF WASHINGTON.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. I GLORY in the sages
   Who, in the days of yore,
   In combat met the foemen,
   And drove them from our shore;
   Who flung our banner's starry field
   In triumph to the breeze,
   And spread broad maps of cities where
   Once waved the forest-trees.
   HURRAH!

2. I glory in the spirit
   Which goaded them to rise,
   And found a mighty nation
   Beneath the western skies.
   No clime so bright and beautiful
   As that where sets the sun;
   No land so fertile, fair, and free,
   As that of WASHINGTON!
   HURRAH!

EXERCISE XXXIII.

It will afford a profitable exercise for the pupil to correct the false orthography and orthoepy of such words as are purposely misspelled and mispronounced in this, and similar exercises.

PAT HUNTING THE HARE.

C. W. S.

James, whistling, walks to and fro across the stage. Pat, equipped as a hunter, in a hurried and excited manner, thus addresses him:

Pat. Jemey, Jemey, me boy, and have ye sane nather a hare running apast ye, just noo?

James. Had he large, round, black eyes, and two long, slim ears on the top of his head?

Pat. To be shoor he had; and where did ye suppose his ears would be, if not on his head? Where is he?

James. Did he have long legs, and take long leaps, just like a frog, as he jumped along?

Pat. Yes, indade! Which way did he go?

James. And did he carry a little, stubbed, cotton-tail to guide him in his course?

Pat. Yes, yes; and where was the pricious little crature when ye last saw him?

James. And were there two dogs after him—yelling and screaming as if the evil one was kicking them along?

Pat. Yes, ye blissed little gintlemon; I'm shoor ye can be afther telling a fellow where he is, since ye have so racently sane him.

James. I haven't seen any such creature, at all, at all.

Pat. Och! ye provoking little rogue; why could'nt ye be afther telling a fellow so, at once; and not kape a body waiting till he had time to lape out of the kingdom?

EXERCISE XXXIV.

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

1. "*I wish I was a boy again,*"
   I often hear old people say;
   What do you want to be a boy for?
   Tell me the reason now, I pray.

2. If you would but think of the hardships
   A *poor boy* has to endure,
   I think you'd be content with your manhood:
   You *would*, I am very sure.

3. If, when you have been hard at work,
   Be scolded for attempting to rest,

I think you would not wish it again,
But think you were wonderfully blest.

4. Sometimes I'm scolded for not sweeping the mill;
Sometimes for sawing the logs;
Sometimes for not currying the horses;
Sometimes for not feeding the hogs.

5. If I attempt to go into the house,
They scold me for not cleaning my feet;
And I expect to hear, some of these days,
They'll scold me for the victuals I eat.

6. If I go out into company,
And they hang on my name a "Mister,"
They are just as sure to laugh at me,
My father, my mother, and sister.

7. If I attempt to wait on the girls,
Of me they make fun enough;
My sister even goes so far as to say,
I must wait till my chin gets rough.

8. Perhaps 'twasn't so in the olden time,
Or, at least, when *you* was a boy;
May be your *parents* did the work,
And *you* your life did enjoy.

EXERCISE XXXV.

THE HIGHLANDER'S LESSON.

A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, and disdaining to crack his brain with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers, thus addressed him:

1. "Here, Donald, take your pipes, lad, and gie's a blast. (*Donald blows some instrument.*) So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? Ye may blaw for-

ever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell ye how the queer things on the paper maun help ye.

2. "Ye see that big fellow, wi' a round, open face (*pointing to a semibreve between the two lines of a bar*); he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane wi' your fit, and gie a long blast; if, now, ye put a leg to him, ye make twa of him, and he'll move twice as fast; and, if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but, if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his legs, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap that I showed you first. Now, whene'er ye blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this, that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

EXERCISE XXXVI.

A BAD PREDICAMENT.

HOOD.

1. NEVER go to France,
   Unless you know the lingo;
   If you do, like me,
   You'll repent, by jingo!
   Staring like a fool,
   And silent as a mummy,
   There I stood alone,
   A nation with a dummy!

2. "*Chaises*" stand for *chairs*,
   They christen letters, "*Billies*;"
   They call their mothers, "*mares*,"
   And all their daughters, "*fillies!*"
   Strange it was to hear,—
   I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
   They call their leather, "*queer*,"
   And all their shoes are wooden.

3. Signs I had to make
For every little notion;
Limbs all going, like
A telegraph in motion;
For wine I reeled about,
To show my meaning fully,
And made a pair of horns
To ask for "beef and bully."

4. If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a-going;
And asked for new laid eggs,
By clapping hands and crowing!
If I wished a ride,
I'll tell you how I got it;
On my stick astride,
I made believe to trot it.

EXERCISE XXXVII.

OUR UNION.

The following lines were written by the late Rev. SAMUEL GILMAN, D.D., of Charleston, South Carolina. We admire the sentiments contained in them, and regret that the patriotism they embody is not the rule, in place of being the exception, in the Palmetto State.

1. WHO would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest.
Dear to me the South's fair land;
Dear the Central mountain band;
Dear New England's rocky strand;
Dear the prairied West.

2. By our altars, pure and free;
By our laws' deep-rooted tree;
By the past's dread memory;
By our Washington,—
By our common kindred tongue;
By our hopes—bright, buoyant;
By the tie of country strong;
We will still be one.

3. Fathers, have ye bled in vain?
Ages, must ye droop again?
Maker, shall we rashly stain
Blessing sent by Thee'?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before Thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain as now,
"UNION—LIBERTY!"

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A. A. TWISS.

1. HE leaned against a cypress tree,
His gun beside him lay;
And, from his wounded side, the life
In torrents ebbed away.
He pressed his hand upon his side,
A tear bedimmed his eye;
And, in a feeble voice, he said,
'Tis glory thus to die.

2. He took his well-worn Bible out,
He read and sweetly smiled;
He closed the book, and then he prayed,
For country, wife, and child.
And, as the dying hero prayed,
The swift-winged angels come;
And, from the battle-field, they bore
His spirit to its home.

3. And shall such great and noble ones,
Their lives give up in vain'?
Will not these scenes of discord cease,
And UNION live again'?
O God, we have unchanging faith,
Our country Thou wilt save;
And soon in every rebel State
The Stars and Stripes shall wave!

EXERCISE XXXIX.

THE LANDLORD AND TENANT.

C. W. S.

Landlord. Mr. Snops, I have called again for your rent.

Tenant. Haven't got it, sir, yer honor.

Land. But I *must* have it, and what's more, I *will* have it.

Ten. And will ye be afther taking it before I give it to ye?

Land. [*In an excited manner.*] This is the third time I have called, and I will be put off no longer; so fork over, at once.

Ten. And shoor ye'll be after letting a feller know if ye get it before I do.

Land. I'll go this very minute and swear out a writ of distress for rent, if it is not paid forthwith.

Ten. And shoor, I'd not have ye *disthress* yoursel' for what can't be helped.

Land. I'll swear out a writ, and have you dispossessed immediately.

Ten. And how do ye expect to dispossess a man of what he hasn't got?

Land. I mean, I'll have you turned out of my house, forthwith.

Ten. And shoor, if ye'll be afther letting a feller alone, I'll go out mysel' and save ye from swearing at all, at all; and from any further throuble.

EXERCISE XL.

DIALOGUE IN A PRINTING-OFFICE.

Foreman. Jones, what are you at now?

Compositor. I'm setting "A House on Fire:" most done.

Fore. What's Smith about?

Comp. He's engaged on "A Horrid Murder."

Fore. Finish it as soon as possible, and help Morse through with his "Telegraph." Bob, what are *you* trying to get up.

Bob. "A Panic in the Money-market."

Fore. Tom, what are you *distributing?*

Tom. "Prizes in the Gift Lottery."

Fore. Stop that, and take hold of this "Run-away Horse." Slocum, what have *you* been about for the last half hour?

Slocum. Justifying the "Compromise Measure," which my *sub* set up.

Fore. You Chap on the stool there, what are you on *now?*

Chap on the stool. On the "Table" that you gave me.

Fore. Lay it *on* the table for the present: no room for it.

Comp. How about those "Municipal Candidates?"

Fore. Run 'em in. What did you say, Slocum?

Slocum. Shall I *lead* these "Men of Boston?"

Fore. No; they are "solid," of course.

Comp. Do you want a "full-face head" to "Jenny Lind's Family?"

Fore. No; put 'em in "small caps." John, have you got up that "Capital Joke?"

John. No, sir; I'm out of "sorts."

Fore. Well, throw in this "Million of California Gold;" and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more. Wilson, have you finished the "Coalition?"

Wilson. Yes, sir; the "Coalition" is all up!

Editor. What do you want now?

Printer's Devil. More copy, sir.

Editor. Have you completed that "Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?"

Pr. Devil. Yes, sir; and I have just got up "A Warm Winter."

EXERCISE XLI.

I'LL BE A MAN.

1. I'm but a little fellow now,
   Between three feet and four;
   But, if I keep on growing fast,
   I'll soon be three feet more.

2. Although but nine short years as yet
   Above my head have run,
   When a dozen more have passed away,
   Then I'll be *twenty-one.*

3. I wear a cap and jacket *now,*
   And dress as mother tells;
   But *then* I'll have a hat and coat,
   Like any body else.

4. I'll have a pocket in each side,
A watch within my vest,
A dickey and a neckerchief,
As smart's the very best.

5. For, when I am a *man*, I'll vote
For President, you know,—
For politicians, knaves, and fools,
My vote I will not throw.

6. And no mere party ever shall
Hold me in fetters tight;
I'll go for truth and liberty,
My country and the right.

7. A tippler I will *never* be,
No drop my lips has past;
I'll sign the true tee-total pledge,
And keep it to the last.

8. Nor will I use the poison weed,
Which now so many crave;
Because I mean to *be a man*,
And never be a slave.

9. But many years must pass away,
And I must go to school,
That, if they choose me President,
I may know how to rule.

10. With knowledge I must store my mind;
For, though I'm e'er so tall,
If I am rude and ignorant,
I shall be very smal

EXERCISE XLII.

1. MER′ CE NA RY, that may be hired; venal. 2. LŪR′ ED, enticed.

EGO* AND ECHO.

JOHN G. SAXE.

A good effect will be produced by using this piece as a dialogue. The speaker that personates the Echo, should be screened from the audience, and utter his part with the same tone of voice as the first speaker, though somewhat weaker.

1. I ASKED of Echo, t'other day,
(Whose words are few and often funny,)
What, to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony?
Quoth Echo plainly,—"Matter-o'-money!"

2. Whom should I marry?—should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,—
A pattern of inconsistency;
Or selfish, mercenary[1] flirt?
Quoth Echo sharply,—"Nary flirt!"

3. What if,—a-weary of the strife
That long has lured[2] the gay deceiver,—
She promised to amend her life,
And sing no more, can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, with decision,—"Leave her!"

4. But, if some maiden with a heart,
On me should venture to bestow it;
Pray, should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure, or forego it?
Quoth Echo, very promptly,—"Go it!"

5. But, what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,

---

* A Latin pronoun, signifying *I, myself.*

She vows she means to die a maid,—
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly,—"Let her!"

6. What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly,—"Get out!"

7. But, if some maid with beauty blest,
And pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo, (*sotto voce*),—"Take her!"

EXERCISE XLIII.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

1. Hurrah, for the glad, gleesome, Happy New Year! Who doesn't love the New Year? True Mr. January is a frisky youth, pouring mighty gusts of wind from his puffy cheeks into people's faces, and bringing down clouds of snow-flakes from the sky with his mysterious wand, as if he wanted to be thought a great magician. Then he has icicles for eyelashes, and he wears a snow-wreath for a cap. Wherever he goes, the brooks and rivers do him homage. They cease to flow in his presence. They transform themselves into solid paths, along which he may march like a monarch enjoying a triumph.

2. Besides all this, the young fellow acts the part of chief of police. He keeps everybody moving. "Move along!—move along! Quick!—stir yourselves!" he cries to every creature he meets; and he is so testy that, if he is not obeyed, he will sting

the toes, bite the fingers, tingle the cheeks, and hang icicles on the noses of the disobedient. He means all this for frolic and fun; and so it is, if not carried too far, as it is sure to be if he is not obeyed.

3. But, notwithstanding all these odd tricks, who doesn't love young January? I would like to see the boy or girl who does not. He would be a curiosity; and I should be tempted to send him to some old curiosity-shop for exhibition. Why, you know that Mr. January has an old friend of children, named Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, who always comes with him, crouching down, like an over-loaded donkey, beneath a load of pleasant nick-nacks for the boys and girls.

4. Young January carries his friend all over the land, and sends him, by the way of chimneys, windows, or doors, into almost every house, with orders to leave some of his *wonderful toys* in every pair of stockings he may find on the chimney-piece. Then what fun there is every New Year's morning, when the boys and girls peep into their stockings, to find out what the venerable and jocose Santa Claus has been pleased to put there! And how many young hearts are made glad by these New Year's gifts! I love rollicking young January for this. (°°) *Hurrah*, again, I say! (*ff*) HURRAH, for the glad New Year!

EXERCISE XLIV.

1. PON′ DER OUS, massy; heavy. 2. PYRES, piles or heaps to be burnt. 3. HID′ E OUS, horrid; frightful. 4. E LATE′, high; elevated.

THE SUPERVISOR.

C. W. S.

1. LONG time ago,—no matter when,—
Trees were more num'rous than the men;
To aid in clearing the land from these,
The people had their "logging-bees."

That is, the neighbors
Would join their labors
To aid a neighbor,
In his hard labor,
Of rolling logs into ponderous[1] pyres,[2]
To be consumed by the flaming fires.

2. At one of these "bees," of old renown,
Came the Supervisor of the town,
Among the rustics, wags, and wits,—
One of whom made some happy hits.
For he saw very plain
That the Squire was vain,
And proud of his office,
Though dull as a novice;
Officially trying to guide and plan
The work of every other man.

3. The work went on in merry glee,
Each vying who the best should be
In rolling logs and cracking jokes
About themselves and other folks.
While thus at work,
There came a flock
Of shabby crows,
And, on the boughs
Of a hemlock-tree, that stood hard by,
Alighted and uttered their hideous cry.

4. But one, upon the topmost hight,
With plumage sadly out of plight,
Seemed proud of his elate[4] position,
Despite his rough and sad condition.
He did the cawing—
And the crowing,

Thus plainly showing
Unto the knowing,
He held no unimportant post,
Among that black and numerous host.

5. His constant "caws" and elevation
Drew from the Squire this observation:
"What kind of *office* must he hold,
The *one* so shabby, vain, and bold?"
To which our wag and wit replies, "Sir,
I think he is the SUPERVISOR."

EXERCISE XLV.

A COMMON COMPLAINT.

1. I LOST my silk umbrell;
Who took it off, I know full well,
If he don't give it back, I'll tell.

2. Though I of kindness have the milk,
I like not people of that ilk,
Who give me *cotton* for my *silk.*

3. I lost my polished B B* hat,
Ta'en from me by a thief, that's flat,
Who can discern between *this* and *that.*

4. Though I of kindness have the milk,
I like not people of that ilk,
Who for my *beaver* give me *silk.*

5. I lost my well-brushed overcoat,
Exchanged for one not worth a groat,
And know where to direct a note.

* BEEBE, a celebrated hatter in New York.

6. I like not people of that ilk
Who think that cream's the same as milk;
In deep affliction,

WILLIAM PILK.

EXERCISE XLVI.

THE WELL-BRED CAT.

1. LONG have I sought the world around,
And asked this friend and that,
Where shall that paragon be found,—
A truly well-bred cat?—

2. A humble, gentle, modest puss,
A cat of education,
That, though on easy terms with us,
Shall know her proper station?—

3. A cat without a wish to thieve,
Or snatch my toast and tea,
That gladly takes whate'er I give,
And purs a thank to me?

4. A cat not stupid, old, and gray,
No downright sleepy sot,
Regardless, slumbering life away,
Whate'er her master's lot?—

5. A cat whose spirits gently move
In even time with mine,—
Gay, when a gayer mood I love,
Grave, when I mirth decline?—

6. That sits with serious, thoughtful air,
Through many a disputation,
And would not, for her whiskers, dare
To break up conversation?—

7. In short, I want a cat of *sense*,
Of quick and clear perception,
Whose mind, of what might give offense,
Can form a just conception.

8. Where shall this paragon be found,
In palace, cot, or inn?
Aid me, my friends, to search around,
This peerless prize to win.

9. But when, at length, a cat like this,
Your eye shall fall beneath,
You need not lively hope dismiss
Of finding hens with *teeth!*

EXERCISE XLVII.

RAILROAD SONG.

1. Through the mold, and through the clay,
Through the corn, and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, through the brake,
O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
O'er we hie with screech and roar,
Splashing! flashing!
Crashing! dashing!

Over ridges,
Gulleys, bridges,
By the bubbling rill and mill,
Highways, by-ways, valley, hill,
Jumping, bumping!
Banging, thumping!
Rocking, roaring!
Dust up soaring!

2. By the lonely hut and mansion,
By the ocean's wide expansion,
Where the factory chimneys smoke,
Where the foundry bellows croak,
Dash along!
Slash along!
Crash along!
Flash along!
On! on! with a jump, and a bump, and a roll!
Goes the fire-fiend to its destined goal!

3. Over marsh, and over bog,
On we hie with ceaseless jog;
Every instant something new,
Every instant lost to view;
Now a tavern, now a steeple,
Now a crowd of gaping people,
Now a hollow, now a ridge,
Now a crossing, now a bridge;
Grumble, stumble,
Rumble, tumble!
Church and steeple,
Gaping people,
Quick as thought are lost to view!

4. By the foundry, past the forge,
Through the plain and mountain gorge,

Where cathedral rears its head,
Where repose the silent dead!
Monuments amid the grass
Flit like specters as we pass!
If to hail a friend inclined,
Whish! whir! ker-swash! he's left behind!
Rumbling, tumbling, all day long,
Thus concludes my Railroad Song.

EXERCISE XLVIII.

MICHAEL'S METHOD OF MAKING A CANNON.

Michael. Halloo, Master Thomas, you are a Yankee boy, an' kin you jist tell me how a cannon is made?

Thomas. No, Michael; I can not tell you; but you are much older than I am, and I have no doubt *you* can tell *me*.

Michael. I'm jist the boy that kin tell you all about it. You know they milt iron, so it will run like water, or milted lead.

Thomas. Yes, I know that; but you were to tell me how cannons were made.

Michael. That's the very thing I shall be afther telling you; for, whin the iron is milted, they make a cannon by just taking a long, round, straight hole, and pouring the milted iron around it, shoor.

EXERCISE XLIX.

MY BEAUTIFUL LAND.

MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

1. FROM Maine, with her rocks and her forests of pines,
To Florida's glades, or lone Texas' green strand,—
From Jersey's bright shores to far Oregon's coast,
E pluribus unum,* my beautiful land!

* E PLURIBUS UNUM, one out of many,—the motto of the United States.

2. Our glorious rivers are full-flowing veins,
A framework of bones our strong mountains must stand;
What power can sever this whole living thing?
E pluribus unum, my beautiful land!

3. What profits the heart, if the head be cut off!
Alas for the head when it loses its hand!
Each State is a member too precious to spare,—
E pluribus unum, my beautiful land!

4. Then onward together be ever our course
Along the bright pathway our Maker has planned;
So honor, and blessing, and gladness, be thine,
E pluribus unum, my beautiful land.

EXERCISE L.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

DR. LE GRAND.

1. MY FRIENDS,—Thanksgiving Day comes, by statute, once a year; to the *honest man* it comes as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow, which *may* mean *every day*, or once in seven days, at least.

2. I know that occasionally, in meeting, perhaps, a person confesses that he is a *poor, miserable sinner;* but you tell that person the same *fact*, out of doors, and he will get mad and tear round dreadfully. We are all honest, good, conscientious people, my friends, no matter what any body says.

3. Now, I propose, my friends, to state a *few* of the things for *us* to be thankful for—when we are in the mood, of course; for when we are *not* inclined, who can make us give thanks for *any thing?* We should be thankful that *we know more than any body else;* for, are we not capable of talking and giving lectures upon every subject ever talked of? I should like to see the

male or female in this audience, who didn't know a great deal more than any body has any idea of!

4. We should be thankful that *we are all good looking.* Ain't we? Just look around this audience, and see if you can "spot" the person who is, in their own estimation, *not* good looking? It would be a curious study to be sure, to find in *what particular* SOME PEOPLE are good looking; but its none of our personal business if a man has carroty hair, eyes like a new moon, nose like a split pear, mouth like a pair of waffle-irons, chin like a Dutch churn, neck like a gander's, and a body like a crow-bar: —*comparatively*, he is good-looking; that is, there are homelier men and animals than he; so, *everybody is good looking*, and has a right to put on airs. Let us be *very* thankful, my friends, that this is so; for, otherwise, some of us would be shut up in "homes for the scare-crows," which government would have to provide.

5. We should be thankful that *we are more pious than any body else.* That we *are* pious is evident from the manner in which we treat poor creatures who have most unfortunately been driven to sin; from the fact that we pay our preachers occasionally, and always require them to be unexceptionable, in all respects; from the fact that we don't work on Sunday, and eat the big dinners which it has made the women-folks almost tired to death to prepare. Who is the person in this room that is *not* pious? I do not care to know him for the present.

6. We should give thanks that *our house is*, in many respects, *superior to our neighbors.* True it may not be as big, nor as fine-looking, nor, indeed, as attractive generally; but it is superior, nevertheless, as we always inform any man who wants to purchase:—we should be *very* thankful that we can turn things so favorably for our own interests.

7. We should be thankful that *our teachers, and our editors, and doctors, and lawyers, are such superior men*, as we learn they are, when they come to die and have their epitaphs written.

8. We should be thankful, in fact, that *this world was especially created for our own comfort, convenience, and use;* that we have a perfect right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,—no

matter if these do conflict with some other persons' wishes, and happiness, and rights.

9. I hope you will thank *me* for this recognition of your good qualities, your rights, your glory; and trust I shall be permitted to say of myself, when I retire,

"Here *lies* an honest young man."

EXERCISE LI.

1. Lev' ee, an assemblage of persons who visit the president or a prince.
2. Tar' iff, duties or taxes paid to government, on various articles of goods.

JOHN AND WILLIAM'S CHOICE.

JOHN.

I mean to be a Soldier,
With uniform quite new;
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain too:
I would get amid the battle,
With a broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son, my son!—what if that sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's tears
And her orphan's cry of woe?

WILLIAM.

I mean to be a President,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees[1] once a week,
For all the gay and great.
I'll be a king, except the crown,—
But that they won't allow;
And I'll find out what the tariff[2] is,
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son, my son! the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart,
And rob him of his rest.
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust;
For he knows how little they are worth,—
How faithless of their trust.

EXERCISE LII.

WISHING.

By the whole class.

CHARLES.

I WISH the whole world was a wood!
The faggots would cost but the taking;
The trees would shed acorns and nuts,
And save me the trouble of shaking.

HENRY.

I wish the whole world was a wood!
How easy to live, and how quiet!
I'd hunt the small game now and then,
And make quite a change in my diet.

WILLIAM.

I wish the whole world was a tree!
How nice it would be in hot weather!
It would shade us so beautifully,
And make us feel good altogether.

FRANK.

I wish the whole world was a brook!
Oh, how I would go a trout-fishing!
Ah, what a gay time we would have,
If we could get all, just by wishing!

JAMES.

I wish the whole world was a ball,
And you and I had a great bat, sir!
Oh, wouldn't we play, one and all,
With our "*ins*" and our "*outs*," and all that, sir!

GEORGE.

I wish the whole world was a park,
With ice both in winter and summer!
Oh, wouldn't I skate like a lark,—
Astonishing every new comer.

EMMA.

I wish the whole world was a book,
And I could spend all the time reading!
I'd give you your bat, ball, and hook,
Or any thing else you were needing.

SUSAN.

I wish the whole world was a school,
And half of the year were vacations!
Dear Teacher, I'd mind every rule,
And then visit my country relations.

SARAH.

I wish the whole world was a gate!
Oh, what a good time we'd have swinging;
But since it is getting so late,
We'd better stop wishing and singing.

EXERCISE LIII.

THE POET AND THE GUINEA.

1. 'Tis said, a wild, poetic ninny,
Once in his travels found a guinea;
And, startled by so strange a sight,
For much he feared the thing would bite,
Inquired of every one that came,
If he could tell the insect's name.

2. At length, one shrewder than the rest,
Thus to the bard himself addressed:
"That insect, with its yellow face,
Is *deadly poison* to thy race;
Touch but its face, and soon it sends
A venom to the fingers' ends,
That, mounting swiftly to the brain,
Will give it such a yellow stain,—
A stain so filthy and impure,
That nothing short of death can cure.

3. "And after, when you strive to chime
Your thoughts, as formerly, in rhyme,
The poison in the brain will chink,
And quite destroy the Muse's clink."
The poet, frightened by the knave,
Forthwith released his yellow slave,
And oft complained, in mournful strain,
He never saw his face again.

EXERCISE LIV.

GOOD AND BAD FORTUNE.

C. W. S.

John. Ah! my old friend, Mike, is that you? It has been a long time since we last met. How has the world used you?

Mike. Oh, pretty well, and not so well, either.

John. Why, that is a contradiction in terms. What do you mean, Mike?

Mike. I suppose you know I married a wife.

John. Well, *that's good*, I'm sure.

Mike. Not so good, either; *for she was an intolerable scold, a perfect termagant.*

John. Well, that's bad.

Mike. Not so bad, either; for I got lots of money with her.

John. That's good.

Mike. Not so good, either; for I bought some sheep with the money, and they all died.

John. Ah, really! that's bad, again.

Mike. Not so bad, either; for I sold their skins for more than the sheep cost.

John. Well, that's good.

Mike. Not so good, either; for I took the money and bought me a house, which took fire and burned down.

John. That's bad, again.

Mike. Not so bad, either; for my wife burned up in it.

John. I should think that was rather bad, Mike; but you seem to think it rather fortunate.

Mike. Ah! and so would you, if you had to live with her three long years, as I have done, and be compelled to hear the clatter of that everlasting long tongue of hers.

John. Why, Mike, according to your account, she gave you real Caudle Lectures.

Mike. Caudle Lectures! They are sweet as music from an Æolian harp, in comparison with hers.

EXERCISE LV.

HOW THE MONEY COMES.

DIME SPEAKER.

1. QUEER John has sung, how money goes,
But how it comes, who knows? Who knows'?
Why every Yankee mother's son
Can tell you how "the thing" is done.
It comes by honest toil and trade,—
By wielding sledge and driving spade,
And building ships, balloons, and drums;
And that's the way the money comes.

2. How does it come'? Why, as it goes,—
By spinning, weaving, knitting hose,
By stitching shirts and coats for Jews,
Erecting churches, renting pews,
And manufacturing boots and shoes;
For thumps and twists, and cuts and hues,
And *heads* and *hearts*, tongues, lungs, and thumbs;
And that's the way the money comes.

3. How does it come'? The way is plain,—
By raising cotton, corn, and cane;
By wind and steam, lightning and rain;
By guiding ships across the main;
By building bridges, roads, and dams,
And sweeping streets, and digging clams,
With whistles, hi's! and ho's! and hums!
And that's the way the money comes.

4. The money comes,—*how* did I say'?
Not *always* in an *honest* way.
It comes by *trick* as well as toil,
But how is that? why, slick as oil,—

By putting peas in coffee-bags;
By swapping watches, knives, and nags,
And peddling *wooden clocks* and *plums;*
And that's the way the money comes.

5. How does it come' ?—wait, let me see,—
It very seldom comes to me;
It comes by *rule*, I guess, and *scale*,
Sometimes by riding on a *rail*,
But oftener, that's the way it goes
From silly belles and fast young beaux;
It comes in big, nay, *little sums*,
Ay! that's the way the money comes.

EXERCISE LVI.

I TAKE IT.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I TAKE it hot, it fires my veins,
I take it cold, when summer reigns;
I take it new, just from the press,
I take it old, at meal or mess;
I take it mixed with lemonade,
I take it when I'm at my trade;
I take it when they call it sling,
I take it mixed with any thing;
I take it on the public way,
I take it night, midnight, and day;
I take it when I'm soaked with rain,
I take it when I'm dry again;
I take it when I'm half asleep,
I take it when I shear my sheep;
I take it when I cure my hay,
I take it every harvest-day;

I take it when I rake or hoe,
I take it when I plow or sow;
I take it when I save my crop,
I take it when my wood I chop;
I take it sour, I take it sweet,
I take it every time I eat;
I take it strong, I take it weak,
I take when I sing or speak;
I take it from behind the hedge,
But now I think I'll take the pledge.

EXERCISE LVII.

A UNION SONG.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON.

1. HAIL! brightest banner that floats on the gale!
Flag of the country of Washington, hail!
Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave,
Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave;
Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the Free;
Banner of Washington! blessings on thee!

2. Mountain-tops mingle the sky with their snow;
Prairies lie smiling in sunshine below;
Rivers, as broad as the sea, in their pride,
Border thine empires, but do not *divide;*
Niagara's voice far out-anthems the sea;
Land of Sublimity! blessings on thee!

3. Hope of the World! on thy mission sublime,
When thou didst burst on the pathway of Time,
Millions from darkness and bondage awoke;
Music was born when Liberty spoke;
Millions to come yet shall join in the glee;
Land of the Pilgrim's hope! blessings on thee!

4. Traitors shall perish and Treason shall fail;
Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow pale!
Thou shalt live on, and thy people shall own
Loyalty's sweet, where each heart is thy throne,
UNION and FREEDOM thine heritage be,—
Country of Washington! blessings on thee!

EXERCISE LVIII.

STAND BESIDE THE BANNER.

ANNIE M. BEACH.

1. BROTHERS, stand beside the banner,
Rally round the cause of *right;*
Truth shall triumph, and Oppression
Sink before your gathered might.
Sons of sires who boldly battled
On the gory fields of old,
Can you see our fair flag flying,
Can you hear its story told,
And not rally to defend it,
Firm of heart and strong of hand,
Till it floats a joy forever
On the sea and on the land'?

2. We shall miss you from the fireside,
We shall miss you from the board;
Tears are starting while we bid you
Boldly buckle on the sword.
And when bursts the storm of battle,
And the death-shots fill the air,
Then remember, still remember,
That our hearts are with you there.

3. Think not in the homes you leave us
We are idle all the day;
No! with hearts and hands united,
We will labor, we will pray.
He in heaven, who ruleth o'er us,
Be your strength and be your shield;
He can guide, and guard, and keep you,
Even on the battle-field.

4. When shall break the glorious sunshine,
And the din of battle cease,
And above the homes of Freedom,
Float the white-winged angel, Peace,
If ye stand among the victors,
Or among the sleepers rest,
Thousands free at last from bondage
Shall arise to call you blest.
Brothers, stand beside the banner,
In the GOD of battles trust;
Truth shall triumph, and Oppression
Fall before the brave and just.

EXERCISE LIX.

SCENE IN A COURT-ROOM.

Lawyer. Mr. Sargent, were you ever in Benjamin Kimball's bar-room'?

Witness. Yes, s-i-r-r!

Lawyer. Did you ever see any liquor there?

Witness. No, s-i-r-r!

Lawyer. Did you see any thing *containing* liquors there?

Witness. Not as I know of.

Lawyer. Did you see any decanters or tumblers there?

Witness. No, s-i-r-r!

Lawyer. Did you see any barrels or kegs there?

Witness. Yes; I saw some *kags* there!

Lawyer. Ah, yes! [*exultingly*] you *did*, then, see some kegs? Now, sir, tell the jury what there was in those kegs.

Witness. Don't know; I didn't look in.

Lawyer. Yes, sir; but were there no marks upon the outside,—tickets, or labels, or printing, or writing of some kind?

Witness. Yes; well there *was;* I remember it neöw; I veöw I should have forgot it, if you hadn't put me in mind on't!

Lawyer. Oh, yes, you *do* remember! just state, then, sir, before you forget, what there was printed or written.

Witness. It was different on all of 'um; none on 'um had it alike.

Lawyer. Well, sir, tell us what it said on the *first* one you saw.

Witness. Well, I mostly forget neöw; but I b'leve it said GIN on the first one.

Lawyer. GIN! Then, sir, I guess we can find out what there was in those kegs, if you didn't look in. Now, sir, tell us what it said on the *next* one!

Witness. Well, on the next one it said BEN KIMBALL; *but I didn't suppose Ben Kimball was inside the kag!*

EXERCISE LX.

IF YOU HAVE SEEN.

IF you have seen a home of sadness,
Where appeared no sign of gladness;
If you have seen the awful motion,
Of the wild and raging ocean;
If you have seen a deadly battle,
Where cannons roar and muskets rattle;
If you have seen a snow-slip slide
Adown the Alpine mountain side;

If you have seen the lightning's flash,
And heard the thunder's awful crash;
If you have seen an earthquake shocking,
Mountains, just like cradles rocking;
If you have seen the Wall of China,
Or how they live in Asia Minor;
If you have seen a marble statue,
Life-like, looking right straight at you;
If you have seen a patient donkey,
Having on his back a monkey;
If you have seen a head that's hoary,
Completely turned by what's called glory;
If you have seen the highest steeple,
Known among a Christian people;
If you have seen the twins of Siam,
Or such a speaker—just as I am;
If you have seen beyond these doors,
Ears more delighted than are yours;
By the speech you now are hearing,
Without applause and without cheering;
Then may I well exclaim, I ween,—
Good people, what a deal you've seen!

EXERCISE LXI.

THE SWORD AND THE STAFF.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. THE sword of the hero!
The staff of the sage!
Whose valor and wisdom
Are stamped on the age!
Time-hallowed mementoes
Of those who have riven
The scepter from tyrants,
"The lightning from heaven!"

2. This weapon, O Freedom!
Was drawn by thy son,
And it never was sheathed
Till the battle was won!
No stain of dishonor
Upon it we see!
'Twas never surrendered
Except to the free!

3. While Fame claims a hero
And patriot sage,
Their names to emblazon
On History's page,
No holier relics
Will Liberty hoard,
Than FRANKLIN'S staff, guarded
By WASHINGTON'S sword.

EXERCISE LXII.

NOBILITY.

ALICE CARY.

1. HILDA is a lofty lady,
Very proud is she,—
I am but a simple herdsman,
Dwelling by the sea.
Hilda hath a spacious palace,
Broad, and white, and high;
Twenty good dogs guard the portal,—
Not a house have I.

2. Hilda hath a thousand meadows,
Boundless forest lands;
She hath men and maids for service,—
I have but my *hands*.

The sweet summer's ripest roses
Hilda's cheeks outvie;
Queens have paled to see her beauty,—
But my *beard* have I.

3. Hilda, from her palace windows,
Looketh down on me,
Keeping with my dove-brown oxen
By the silver sea.
When her dulcet harp she playeth,
Wild birds, singing nigh,
Cluster, listening, by her white hands,—
But my *reed* have I.

4. I am but a simple herdsman,
With nor house nor lands;
She hath men and maids for service,—
I have but my *hands*.
And yet what are all her crimsons
To my sunset sky?—
With my free hands and my manhood,
Hilda's peer am I.

EXERCISE LXIII.

HONEST DEALING.

C. W. S.

Horace. [*Talking to himself.*] My father used to say: "Believe every body *innocent*, until he is proved *guilty*;" but I believe that rule ought to be reversed, and "believe every man a *rogue*, until he proves himself *honest*."

[*Enter* ARTHUR.]

Arthur. Why, what's the matter with *you*, Horace? I thought *you* always got along very smoothly with the world. What has now transpired to cause you to think so *meanly* of every body?

Horace. Why, I sold Truman Wright, (his name ought to be called *Wrong,*) a pair of skates last winter for a dollar, and now he says they were not worth half that price, and refuses to pay me.

Arthur. Were they that *new pair* I saw you skating with, in the Central Park, last winter'?

Horace. No; they were my *old ones,*—that I have had for two years. They were a *capital* pair!

Arthur. Why did you sell them, if they were such a capital pair?

Horace. Oh, they were too small for me! and besides, they were old-fashioned, and I wanted a more stylish pair.

Arthur. Well, now, Horace, don't you think you sold those skates for more than they were worth? I saw Truman trying to skate with them, the next day after you sold them to him; and the grooves were all worn down smooth, and the wood-work of one was split almost in two. I really do not think they were worth more than fifty cents.

Horace. Well, a bargain's a bargain, I say; and he ought to do as he agreed, and not keep a fellow out of his money for nearly a year.

Arthur. Now, Horace, you know Truman is a poor boy, and he can't afford to pay a dollar for a pair of skates that were of no service to him.

Horace. Well, if he *is* poor, he ought to be *honest*, and pay me what he agreed to.

Arthur. I've always thought Truman one of the most *honest* and *conscientious* boys in our neighborhood; and I have no doubt, if you will authorize me to say to him, you will throw off one half the price, he will pay you the other.

Horace. Well, you may tell him I will do that, seeing the skates were of no service to him.

[ARTHUR *leaves to inform* TRUMAN. *While absent*, HORACE *continues talking.*]

I wonder if Arthur thinks he can get anything out of that *mean, stingy fellow.* He is not so *poor* but that he can pay *fifty*

cents; and if he doesn't do it, I shall be convinced that he is not only *mean* and *stingy*, but that he is *dishonest;* and I *despise* a dishonest boy. [*Enter* ARTHUR.]

Well, Arthur, I guess you've had your trouble for your pains. What excuse did the fellow make for not paying me?

Arthur. Oh, he said he was willing to pay you fifty cents for the skates, although they were of no service to him; and now they were both broken!

Horace. Well, then, why didn't he come forward, like a man, and pay for them, at once.

Arthur. Oh, he hadn't the money with him; but he has gone home to borrow it of his sister! He will soon be back, I think. Here he comes now. [*Enter* TRUMAN.]

Truman. Here, Arthur, is the money. You can hand it to Horace. [*Turns to leave.*]

Horace. Halloo, Truman, my dear friend, is that *you?* Give me your *honest hand.* [*They shake hands.*] I confess to you I've been rather hasty, and said some hard things about you, for which I ask your pardon. And now, since the skates were of no use to you, I am not willing to receive this money. [*Takes the money from* ARTHUR, *and hands it to* TRUMAN.] Keep it, my good friend, and I will add to it *another half-dollar.* You can now buy *a new pair of skates*, and we will have some rare sport in the Park, in skating time.

EXERCISE LXIV.

MY FIRST NEW HAT.

J. N. M'JILTON.

1. OH! I remember well the day,
'Tis like a dream just passed away,—
When *my first hat* was bought;
I laid it on the chair and stood,
With folded arms in pompous mood,
Wrapt up in glorious thought.

2. As proud as any lord was I,
And thought myself full ten feet high,—
Too tall to play with toys;
Awhile I stood to ape the man,
Then snatched my hat, and off I ran,
To show it to the boys.

3. And many a hand that hat passed through,
I watched them all; said I, "'tis new;
Take care! don't soil the crown;
For, if you do, my Pa I'll tell,
And he'll come out and trounce you well,
Or even knock you down."

4. Said I, "Mine's *newest*, and, of course,
For wear it can be none the worse,
And *must be* best of all;
Just see the crown, how high it is,
None has a higher crown than this!
Take care! don't let it fall."

5. "I care not," said another voice,
"For you or Pa, with all your noise,
Nor do I wish to boast;
If *mine's* not best, I'll never move,
And by the hatter I can prove
That it has *cost* the most."

6. Then rant and tear, to fight we went,
To settle fairly the event,
And set the matter right;
And many a ragged vest and shirt,
And many a face besmeared with dirt,
Resulted from the fight.

7. Now, circumstances since have shown,
That *men*,—but children older grown,—
For *trifles* quarrel best;
They beat and bruise each other sore,
Wreak petty vengeance o'er and o'er,
To lord it o'er the rest.

EXERCISE LXV.

FASHION NOW-A-DAYS.

1. Alas! how every thing has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen!
When all the girls wore home-spun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw,
And tied beneath the chin,—
The shawl laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

2. I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadow, marsh, and field,
And up and down the hill;
And when our folks were out at work,
(It never made me thinner,)
I jumped upon a horse's back,
And carried them their dinner.

3. Dear me! young ladies, now-a-days,
Would almost faint away
To think of riding all alone
In wagon, chaise, or sleigh;

And as for giving Pa his meals,
Or helping Ma to bake,
Oh dear! 'twould spoil their lily-hands,—
Though sometimes they "make cake."

4. When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter,—
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
Sleigh-riding, in a cutter;
Or, if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet and have the best of fun,
And never mind the weather.

5. But *now*, indeed, it grieves me much,
The circumstance to mention,
However kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He never asks the girls to ride,
But "*such a man is caged;*"
And, if he sees her once a week,
Why, surely, "*they're engaged!*"

EXERCISE LXVI.

1. Em bla′ zon ed, adorned in glaring colors. 2. Chal′ ice, cup or bowl.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SONG.

Mrs. C. H. Gildersleeve.

1. (°) A song, a song for the Public Schools,—
Our people's proudest glory;
And while we sing, the nation's stars
Grow brighter at the story;

And higher float those restless folds,
And higher still we follow;
And scorn a name, whose only sound
Like ringing gold,—is hollow.

2. The light of truth shall guide us on,
When glory lies before us;
With "Right makes Might," emblazoned[1] on
The banner waving o'er us.
(*f.*) A song—a loud exultant song,
Shall ring from sea to prairie,
And tell the world that *mind*, not gold,
Will make our stations vary.

3. Then free as air shall knowledge be,—
And open wisdom's portal
To every thirsty, earnest soul,
Who longs to be immortal.
Here, rich and poor stand side by side,
To quaff life's purest chalice,[2]
And never dream that deathless names
Belong to cot, or palace.

EXERCISE LXVII.

TE LIDDLE PLACK PONY.

Dutchman. Chon, you reckelmemper dat liddle plack pony I pyed mit te pedlar, next veek?

John. Yah; vat of him?

Dutchman. Notings, only I gits sheated purty bad.

John. So?

Dutchman. Yah. You see in de vurst place, he ish blind mit both legs, ant ver lame mit von eye. Den ven you kits on him

to rite, he rare up behint, ant kicks up pefore, so verser dan a shack-mule. I tinks I take him a liddle rite yesterday, ant no sooner I kits straddle his pack, he commens just like a valkin-beam of von steamboat: ant ven he kits done, I vos so mixed up mit everytings, I fints myself sittin round backvards, mit his tail in my hants vor te pridle.

John. Val, vat you goin to do mit him?

Dutchman. Oh, I fixed him better as jam up! I hitch him in te cart mit his tail vere his head ought to be; den I gif him about a dozen cuts mit te cowhide: he starts to go, but he see te cart pefore him, and make packvards. Purty soon he shtumbles pehint, ant sit down on he tail: ant he look ver much shamed mit himself. Den I hitch him up rite vay, and he goes off shust so good as anybody's pony.

John. Yah! yah! Ish dat te vay you make him so petter as goot? Den I tinks you no git sheated at all.

EXERCISE LXVIII.

THE DUTCHMAN'S REMEDY.

1. Ven I lays myself down in my lonely pet-room,
   Ant tries for to sleep very sound,
   De treams, oh, how into my het dey vill come,
   Till I vish I vas under de ground!

2. Sometimes, ven I eats von big supper, I treams
   Dat my stomack is filt full of shtones;
   Ant out in my shleep, like de night-owl, I schreams,
   Ant kicks off te pet-clothes, and groans.

3. Den dere, as I lay mit te pet-clothes all off,
   I kits myself all over froze;
   In de morning I vakes mit te het-ache an' koff,
   Ant I'm shick from mine het to mine toes.

4. Oh, vat shall pe dun for a poor man like me!
Oh, vat for I leat such a life!
Some shays dere's a cure for dis trouble of me,—
Tink I'll try it—and kit me a VIFE.

EXERCISE LXIX.

SONG OF SARATOGA.

JOHN G. SAXE.

1. "PRAY, what do they do at the Springs?"
The question is easy to ask;
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a serious task.
And yet, in a bantering way,
As the magpie or mocking-bird sings,
I'll venture a bit of a song
To tell what they do at the Springs!

2. *Imprimis*,* my darling, they drink
The waters so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavor is none of the best,
And the odor exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
With wholesome medicinal things;
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

3. Then with appetites keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast or dine;
(The latter precisely at three,
The former from seven till nine.)
Ye gods! what a rustle and rush
When the eloquent dinner-bell rings!
Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

* In the first place.

4. Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
Or loll in the shade of the trees;
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is heard by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with hands,
Regardless of conjugal rings;
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

5. The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,
And music is shrieking away;
Terpsichore* governs the hour,
And fashion was never so gay!
An arm 'round a tapering waist—
How closely and fondly it clings!
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

6. In short—as it goes in the world—
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read, and they ride, and they dance;
(With other remarkable things;)
They pray, and they play, and they PAY,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

EXERCISE LXX.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

FRANK, a large boy. CHARLIE, a small boy.

Frank. Well, Charlie, would you like to know how to be miserable?

Charlie. Call me captain, sir, if you please!

* The muse who presides over dancing.

Frank. What! call you captain? Rather a small specimen.

Charlie. Nevertheless, call me captain, sir!

Frank. I'd rather call you Major-Colonel.

Charlie. I'm no Major, Minor, or any other kind of kernel. I'm captain, sir!

Frank. Yes, sir, your honor! Well then, captain, I have a question to ask you.

Charlie. What is it, sir?

Frank. Do you want to know how to be *miserable?*

Charlie. That's a queer question.

Frank. A queer question'?—so it is. But the fact is, there is no difficulty about being *happy;* at least, one might suppose so, as there are so many books and rules to show the way to happiness. But who ever wrote a book, and laid down practical rules to show people the art and mystery of being superlatively *miserable?* It is not my purpose to write a book upon this subject, but simply to lay down a few scientific rules, which, if strictly followed, I promise will produce the most delightful misery any body ever enjoyed.

Charlie. Well, let me hear your new philosophy.

Frank. First, then, never accommodate any body, if you can avoid it. Never visit the sick and afflicted; never give a farthing to the poor; grind the face of the widow, and crush the heart of the orphan.

Charlie. That's Rule No. 1, I suppose. Go on.

Frank. Should you be induced to sign a note for your friend, never forget your kindness; but, every hour in the day, whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay me?" Be suspicious; think everybody means to cheat you, and conclude you must turn "*sharper*" in self protection. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its genuineness, until you have put its owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every dime passed upon you, is but a sixpence crossed, and express your doubts of getting rid of it if you take it.

Charlie. That's Rule No. 2. Go on.

Frank. Sit at the window and look over the way to your

neighbor's beautiful house, which he has recently built and paid for, and say to yourself, "Oh, that I were a rich man!"

Charlie. That's prescription No. 3. Go on.

Frank. Brood over your misfortunes, and believe that, at no very distant day, you will come to want. Always meet trouble half way, and invite it to go home with you. Let the poor-house ever be in your mind, with all the horrors of poverty and distress.

Charlie. That's recipe No. 4. Go on.

Frank. Get angry with your neighbors about nothing, and think you have not a friend in the world. Never smile; but always wear a sour face. Weep and sigh twelve hours in twenty-four. Often take a walk in the grave-yard, and wonder when you will be dead and buried.

Charlie. That's formula No. 5. Go on.

Frank. Believe everybody hates you, and is trying to crush you. Imagine something bad out of nothing. See everybody's faults and not their virtues. Look upon every man as a hypocrite. Make mountains out of mole-hills. "Strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

Charlie. That's Rule No 6. Go on.

Frank. Make everybody's business your own. Pry into other people's secrets, and get your trouble for your pains; and, then, half mad with disappointment, gossip among your neighbors about some stuff the nightmare whispered in your ear. Never stay at home, but go to your neighbor's doors with the broom of scandal, and waste your precious time in sweeping a few dry chips from their pavement, and then you won't die for want of exercise and a little fresh air.

Charlie. That's Rule No. 7. Go on.

Frank. No; I have done. Seven is the number of perfection. My system is perfect. Whoever follows my directions, *will be miserable* to perfection,—at least, I think so.

Charlie. I think so too.

EXERCISE LXXI.

THE BLUES.

1. Oh! come, on some cold rainy day,
When the birds can not show a dry feather;
Bring your sighs and your tears, Granny Gray,
And let us all be unhappy together.

2. Bring the heart-piercing shoots from your corns,
Bring all the dull news you can gather;
Bring Dick Dismal, who looks so forlorn,
And let us all be unhappy together.

3. We'll talk about mildews and blights,
Occasioned by badness of weather,—
About horrible dreams and dull nights,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

4. And we'll talk of the ghost without head,
That kissed mother Mump in the cellar;
And frightened the barber's boy dead,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

5. Let us fancy fresh duty on snuff,
Cats, lap-dogs, and monkeys, so clever;
Let's suppose that there's taxes enough
To make us unhappy together.

6. Let us talk of invasion and blood,
And of demons, black, blue, white, and yellow,—
Noah's ark, Noah's self, and the flood;
Let us all be unhappy together.

7. Let us mourn for those days that are past,
When our hearts were as light as a feather;
Let's suppose that this day is our last,
And we shall all be unhappy together.

8. Come, quickly, my dear Granny Gray,
Lest the sun should break out with fair weather;
And the blues to blue skies should give way,
And we can't be unhappy together.

EXERCISE LXXII.

CHEER UP.

1. What is the use of being sad? of closing the window-shutters of the soul's tenement against the sunlight of joy? especially when the world without is so bright and cheerful. Look out upon the smiling creation, and partake of that spirit of gladness which pervades all Nature's works. Even though you anticipate troubles at hand, sing and be merry, like tree-toads before a thunder-storm; and their visits will scarcely be heeded.

2. Murmuring never healed a wound nor eased a pain, except when one frets himself to death. Contrive to keep cares out of the bosom. When a few of these annoying insects once get in there, they breed faster than bugs in June, and eat holes in the heart large enough for any amount of unhappiness.

3. If troubles beset me, I make myself easy, knowing full well they will leave on the morrow; if sorrow comes to seek lodging in my bosom, immediately, I tell her I am all full, and a few over; and, besides, I don't accommodate any of her sort. I laugh at her for supposing she can come in with a bad shilling, and off she goes. Sorrow can't bear to be laughed at.

4. If my pockets should happen to be light, I wouldn't load my heart with lead; and if, unfortunately, I should break my suspenders in straining to lift too big a bag-full of riches, I should get them mended, and think no more about it.

5. (*f.*) Cheer up, ye sad and disconsolate! Your grim phizzes are enough to frighten happiness over half-a-dozen fences; put clean vests upon your hearts; scour up your

thoughts; let Imagination gather daily fresh garlands from Paradise; and permit Fancy to throw a few of her favorite flowers upon the altar of Hope. In a word, be determined not to *care* for Care, and you will find the world a great deal smoother than it looks to be.

EXERCISE LXXIII.

1. De lect' a ble, delightful; very pleasing. 2. Ed' i ble, eatable.

THE IRISH POTATO.—A Parody.

1. How sweet to the taste is the Irish potato,
As memory awakens a thought of the plant!
Its dark verdant vine-top and beautiful blossom,
In pleasant transition my memory haunt.
Ay! thought of the root in profusion once growing,
On the broad, sunny hill-slope adjoining the mill,
At the homestead, how many we raised there's no knowing,
For some were but *small ones, and few in a hill.*
The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
The thin-skinned potato that grew on the hill.

2. That delectable[1] plant I would praise while I'm able,
For, often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it superior to all on the table—
The best-flavored edible[2] that nature could yield.
With what eager appetite, sharpened by labor,
I plied knife and fork with a hearty good will!
Alas! there are none of the old fashioned flavor,—
None like the "real Simons" that grew on the hill.
The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
The thin-skinned potato that grew on the hill.

3. How prime from the full-heapen dish to receive it,
As, poised on my fork, it ascends to my mouth!

No appeal to the palate could tempt me to leave it,
Though affected by "rot," or a long summer's drouth;
And now far removed from that situation,
Where I used to partake of the root to my fill,
Fancy fain would revert to my father's plantation,
And sigh for the "kidney" that grew on the hill.
The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
The thin-skinned potato that grew on the hill.

EXERCISE LXXIV.

1. Col' lo quy, dialogue; conversation.

COLLOQUY[1] IN CHURCH.

[1]

LUCRETIA.

That tall young fellow's here to-day!
I wonder what's his name?
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—
Do look at Sally Dame!

CHRISTINA.

Who is that lady dressed in green?
It can't be Mrs. Leach;
There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles!
I wonder if he'll preach?

LUCRETIA.

Lend me your fan, it is so warm;
We both will sit at prayers;
Mourning becomes the Widow Ames—
How Mary's bonnet flares!

CHRISTINA.

Do look at Nancy Sloper's vail!
It's full a breadth too wide;
I wonder if Susannah Ayres,
Appears to-day as bride?

LUCRETIA.

Oh, what a voice Jane Rice has got!
And how the organ roars!
I'm glad we've left the singers' seats
How hard Miss Johnson snores!

CHRISTINA.

I'm half asleep—that Mr. Jones!
His sermons are so long;
This afternoon we'll stay at home,
And practice that new song.

EXERCISE LXXV.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

HOME JOURNAL.

[SAM *comes tumbling into the presence of his mother, who is, just then, very busily engaged.*]

Sam. Mother, may I go fishing with Ben Hooker?

Mother. No, indeed, you shan't!

Sam. Why not, mother?

Mother. 'Cause you shan't—and that's the end of it.

Sam. Well, 'cause what?

Mother. Hold your tongue, in a minute.

Sam. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I've cut my finger.

Mother. Well, you've done it a purpose, I s'pose,—so I don't care. [*Slaps his ears.*]

Sam. Boo—hoo—boo—hoo—oo—oo!

Mother. Stop that noise in a minute, or I'll send you right to bed.

Sam. Boo—oo—oo.

Mother. Go right to bed, you good-for-nothing.

Sam. Well, I'll go to bed—but do put a rag on my finger first.

Mother. Let me see your finger. Oh, my! why, there's blood on it. Why didn't you tell me?

Sam. I did tell you.

Mother. No, you didn't.

Sam. I say I did, too.

Mother. You didn't. Hold your tongue. Here, I've put some rum and sugar on it.

Sam. Thank you, mother; I always like rum and sugar. It makes it smart—but it *tastes* good.

[SAM *begins to suck the rag—and mother begins to smile.*]

Mother. Now go along out of my way.

Sam. Where's my hook and line, mother?

Mother. In the table-drawer there, I guess.

Sam. Mother, won't you fix the lead on? My finger's sore, you know. Just slip the cork over the line. [*Mother does as requested.*] There, that's right. There's Ben Hooker coming now. I'm going, mother.

Mother. Do go along, and get out of my way.

Sam. I'm going fishing with Ben Hooker, mother.

Mother. Go where you've a mind to, only don't bother me.

Sam. Well, just box my ears first, mother.

Mother. I will, if you don't go away—what a saucy chatter-box!

Sam. Do send me to bed—now do, mother.

[*Here mother turns away, pretending not to hear, though a lurking smile can be discovered on her face, while the hopeful son has his own way, of course, and a general good feeling prevails on all sides.*]

EXERCISE LXXVI.

BEGINNING OF A BAD CITIZEN.

Child. Mother, I want a piece of cake.

Mother. I haven't got any; it's all gone.

Child. I know there's some in the cupboard; I saw it when you opened the door.

Mother. Well, you don't need any now; cake hurts children.

Child. No; it don't. [*Whining.*] I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a piece?

Mother. Be still; I can't get up now; I'm busy.

Child. [*Crying aloud.*] I want a piece of cake; I want a piece of cake.

Mother. Be still, I say; I shan't give you a bit, if you don't leave off crying.

Child. [*Still crying.*] I want a piece of cake; I want a piece of cake.

Mother. [*Rising hastily and reaching a piece.*] There, take that and hold your tongue. Eat it up quick; I hear Ben coming. Now, don't tell *him* you've had any.

[*Enter* BEN.]

Child. [*To Ben.*] I've had a piece of cake; you can't have any!

Ben. Yes, I will; mother, give me a piece.

Mother. There, take that; it seems as if I never could keep any thing in the house. You see, sir, [*to the child*] if you get any thing another time.

[*Exeunt* MOTHER *and* BEN. *Enter little Sistĕr.*]

Child. Jane, I've had a piece of cake.

Jane. Have you? Oh! I want some, too.

Child. Well, you *bawl*, and mother will give *you* some. *I* did.

EXERCISE LXXVII.

A JAUNT TO THE WEDDING.

1. Says Peter, says he, "I'll whip him a little,"
"Try it, my dear," says she:
But he might just as well have whipped a brass-kettle;
The donkey was made of such obstinate mettle,
Never a step moved he.

2. "I'll spur him, my dear, with a needle," says she,
"I'm thinking he'll alter his mind:"
The beast felt the needle, and up went his heel;
"I'm thinking," says Peter, "he's beginning to feel
Some notion of moving behind."

3. "Now give me the needle, and I'll tickle his ear,
And set t'other end, too, a-going;"
The beast felt the needle, and upward he reared,
But kicking and rearing was all that appeared
He had any intention of doing.

4. Says Peter, says he, "We are getting on slow;
While one end is up, t'other sticks to the ground;
But I'm thinking a method to match him I know:
We'll let for an instant both tail and ear go,
And spur him at once all around."

EXERCISE LXXVIII.

1. Gor' mand, greedy or ravenous eater; glutton.

THE GORMAND.

C. W. S

A gormand who boasted his great power to eat,
Gave proof of that power in this wonderful feat:
He said, though 'twas true that a Samson had slain
His thousands on thousands on Palestine plain,

He had slain, at one meal, greater numbers than these,
By eating three pounds of skippery old cheese.
"I can't see," said a wit, "how that could well happen,
Unless they were slain by a similar weapon;
But since you have told how the thing came to pass,
'Tis clear they were slain by the jaw of an ass."

EXERCISE LXXIX.

1. PU SIL LAN' I MOUS, cowardly; mean-spirited.

"I CAN'T."

FANNY FERN.

This piece should be spoken by a large girl, who personates the teacher of a large, stupid boy. She asks him a question, as, "Have you learned your lesson?" To which he drawls out, "I c-a-n-t!"

1. APOLLO!*—what a face! Doleful as a hearse! folded hands, hollow chest, whining voice,—the very picture of cowardly irresolution. (=) Spring to your feet, hold up your head, set your teeth together, draw that fine form of yours up to the hight that God made it; draw an immense long breath, and look about you. What do you see? Why, all creation taking care of number one,—pushing ahead, like the car of Juggernaut, over live victims. There it is, and you can't help it. Are you going to lie down and be crushed?

2. By all that is manly, no!—dash ahead. You have as good right to mount the triumphal car as your neighbor. Snap your fingers at croakers. If you can't get round a stump, leap over it, high and dry. Have nerves of steel, a will of iron. Never mind sideaches, or heartaches, or headaches,—dig away without stopping to breathe, or to notice envy or malice.

3. Set your target in the clouds, and aim at it. If your arrow

* The presiding deity of archery, prophecy, medicine, and music.

falls short of the mark, what of that? Pick it up, and go at it again. If you should never reach it, you will shoot higher than if you only aimed at a bush. Don't whine, if your friends fall off. At the first stroke of good luck, by Mammon!* they will swarm around you like a hive of bees, till you are disgusted with human nature.

4. "I can't!" Oh, pshaw! I have more courage than that, if I *am* a woman! You are a disgrace to corduroys. What! a man lack courage? A man want independence? A man to be discouraged at obstacles? A man afraid to face any thing on earth, save his Maker? Why, I have the most unmitigated contempt for you, you pusillanimous' pussy-cat! There is nothing manly about you, except your whiskers.

EXERCISE LXXX.

ABSALOM BESS.

SHILLABER.

1. A BENEVOLENT man was Absalom Bess,—
At each and every tale of distress
He blazed right up like a rocket;
He felt for all who 'neath poverty's smart
Were doomed to bear life's roughest part,—
He felt for them in his inmost heart,
But never *felt* in his pocket.

2. He didn't know rightly what was meant
By the Bible's promised four hundred per cent.,
For charity's donation;
But he acted as if he thought railroad stocks,
And bonds secure beneath *earthly* locks,
Were better, with pockets brimful of rocks,
Than *heavenly* speculation.

* The god of wealth or riches.

3. Yet all said he was an excellent man;
For the poor he'd preach, for the poor he'd plan,—
To *better them* he was willing;
But the oldest one who had heard him pray
And preach for the poor in a pitiful way,
Couldn't remember, exactly, to say
He had *ever* given a shilling.

4. Oh, an ĕxcellent man was Absalom Bess,
And the world threw up its hands to bless,
Whenever his name was mentioned!
But he died one day, he did, and oh!
He went right down to the shades below,
Where all are bound, I fear, to go,
Who are *only* good intentioned.

EXERCISE LXXXI.

EARLY RISING.

J. G. Saxe.

1. "God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza* said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close *monopoly* by "patent right!"

2. Yes,—bless the man who first invented sleep,
(I really can't avoid the iteration);

* San'cho Pan'za, the famous companion of Don Quixote, who is represented by Cervantes as a peasant, grossly ignorant and credulous, but abounding in wit, humor, and good-natured observation.

But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising
That artificial cut-off,—Early Rising!

3. "Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray, just inquire about the rise—and fall,
And whether larks have any bed at all!

4. The "time for honest folks to be in bed,"
Is in the *morning*, if I reason right;
And he who can not keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till 'tis fairly light,
And so enjoys his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks!

5. Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it—*lying—in his bed*
At ten o'clock, A.M.,—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

6. 'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
Awake to duty and awake to truth,—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our *best deeds and days*, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep,
Are those we passed in childhood, or—*asleep!*

7. 'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile,
For the soft visions of the gentle night;

And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live, as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realms so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

8. So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried: "Served him right! it's not at all surprising—
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

EXERCISE LXXXII.

MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

1. THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come here to whistle. But it's just like you: I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. *Once*, I used to say you were the best creature living! *now*, if I only speak, you get quite huffish. *Do* let you rest? No, I *won't* let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

2. Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know *what* you do when you're in a passion. You were *not* in a passion, weren't you? Well, then I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought to, by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know *that*.

3. It's a pity you hav'nt something worse to complain of than

a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you say '*ah*' at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

4. Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in edgewise. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! they'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they *do*, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better *without* you, I'm certain.

5. And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for any thing! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

6. However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

EXERCISE LXXXIII.

This piece, though suitable for an advanced boy, is better adapted to a small boy, who affects to be a man.

NOW I AM A MAN.

I.

THE days are gone when I could roll
My hoop along the street,
And, with a laughing jest or word,
Each idle passer greet.
Where'er I go, my pace is slow,—
In early years I ran;
Oh! I was then a happy boy,
But *now*, I am a man!

II.

I used to whistle as I went,
Play marbles in the square;
And fly my kite, and ply my top,
And coat and trousers tear.
I "whistle" for my whistle now,
And *marble hearts* I scan;
The only "kite" that meets my sight,
Is man devouring man!

III.

The ladies used to pet me once,
And praise my hair and eyes;
And "kissing went by favor" then,—
I was a little prize.
Whene'er I come, they now are glum,
Each look and word they scan,
And call me "sir," when I demur,
And tell me, I'm a man.

IV.

Oh! happy, earlier years, when love
Was on the lip and eye;
And lily hands waved after me,
And glances said, Good-by!
When there was music in my heart,
And life had yet no plan;
Oh! I was then a happy boy,
But *now*, I am a man!

EXERCISE LXXXIV.

MR. JONATHAN SMITH.

1. Mr. Jonathan Smith was a very wise man,
His motto was, "Govern your wife"—if you can;
For his wife was a shrew, and whene'er she said go,
Mr. Jonathan Smith didn't even *look* no;
But he put on his hat, and slipped out of the house,
To do as she bade him, as meek as a mouse.

2. Mr. Jonathan Smith dearly loved a dispute,
In logic he thought that no one was so 'cute:
He could argue for this, he could argue for that,
He would prove fat was lean, and then show lean was fat.
But I wish you could see how his ardor would cool,
If his wife but said, snappishly, "*Hush, you old fool!*"

3. Mr. Jonathan Smith thought he'd buy him a farm.
"Rural life," he declared, "has a wonderful charm."
He'd grow his own corn, and he'd eat his own peas,
And serenely grow old in the shade of his trees.
But his wife said 'twas throwing his fortune away,
It would beggar them all—and he'd nothing to say.

4. Mr. Jonathan Smith was a sleek, portly man,
When to rule o'er his wife he so bravely began;
But he found 'twas a game at which two could go in,
And since he's the loser, he gets very thin;
He has given up everything, even his boast:
Only one thing is left, 'tis to give up the ghost!

EXERCISE LXXXV.

THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE IRISH INN-KEEPER.

Englishman. Halloo, house!

Inn-keeper. I don't know any of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir; the fairs of Mollingar and Ballinastee are the next week?

Eng. I see; how are your beds?

Inn. They are well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Have you any "Mountain?"

Inn. Yes, sir; this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir; *all* kinds, from Irish wine (*buttermilk*) to Burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir; Pat is an excellent porter. He'll go anywhere.

Eng. No, no; I mean porter *to drink.*

Inn. Oh, sir; he'd drink the ocean—never fear him for *that!*

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call *me* an odd fish.

Eng. I think so; I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, sir, indeed; I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soles?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Pshaw! have you any plaice?

Inn. No, sir; but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B——.

Eng. Have you any wild fowls?

Inn. They are tame enough now; for they have been kille' these three days.

Eng. I must see, myself.

Inn. In welcome, sir; I will fetch you the looking-glass.

EXERCISE LXXXVI.

ANOTHER YEAR.

1. (*sl.*) ANOTHER year! another year!
Oh! who shall see another year?
Shalt *thou*, O man of hoary head,
Of eye-sight dim, and feeble tread!
Expect it not! time, pain, and grief,
Have made thee like an autumn leaf,—
Ready, by blast or self-decay,
From its slight hold to drop away,—
And some sad morn may gild thy bier,
Long, long before another year!

2. Shall *you*, ye young'? or you, ye fair'?
Ah! the presumptuous thought forbear!
Within the churchyard's peaceful bounds,
Come, pause and ponder o'er the mounds!
Here beauty sleeps,—that verdant length
Of grave contains what once was strength;
The child—the boy—the man are here:
Ye may not see another year!

3. Another year! another year!
Oh! who shall see another year?
Shall *I*, whose burning thirst of fame,
No earthly power can quench or tame'?
Alas! that bursting thirst may soon
Be o'er, and all beneath the moon,—
All my fine visions, fancy wrought,
And all this vortex world of thought,—
Forever cease and disappear,
Ere dawns on earth another year.

EXERCISE LXXXVII.

REED-BIRD SHOOTING.

H. P. Leland.

1. Three men and a bull-dog ugly,
Two guns and a terrier lame:
They'd better stand out in the mud there,
And set themselves up for game.
But, no! I see, by the winking
Of that red-haired Paddy's eye,
He's been "reeding"* too much for you, sir,
Any such game to try.

2. (*p.*) "Whist, Jemey, me boy, kape dark there,
And hould the big bull-dog in;
There's a bloody big cloud of rade-birds
That nade a pepperin'!"
(*f.*) "*Chip—bang!*" speaks the single-barrel,
(*ff.*) "Flip—boong!" roars the old Queen-Anne.†
There's a Paddy stretched out in the mud-hole,
A kicked-over, knocked-down man!

* Shooting reed-birds. † An English musket.

3. The big bull-dog's eyes stick out,
And the terrier's barks begin;
The Paddy digs out of the deep mud,
And then the "discoursin" comes in:
"Oh, Jemey, ye pricious young blag-guard,
I know ye're the divil's own son!
How many fingers' load, thin,
Did ye put in this rusty old gun?"

4. "How many fingers? Be jabers!
I never put in a one!
Do you think I'd be afther a-ramming
Me fingers into the gun?"
"Well, give me the powdher, Jemey!"
"The powdher! as sure as I'm born,
I put it all in your muskit,
As I had ne'er a powdher-horn!"

EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

PAT AND THE PIG.

1. We have read of a Pat, so financially flat,
That he had neither money nor meat;
And when hungry and thin, it was whispered by Sin,
That he ought to steal something to eat.

2. So he went to the sty of a widow near by,
And he gazed on the tenant—poor soul!
"Arrah, now," said he, "what a trate that'll be!"
And the pig of the widow he stole.

3. He rejoiced in a feast, then he went to a priest;
For, in spite of the pork and the lard,

There was something within, that was sharp as a pin;
For his conscience was pricking him hard.

4. And he said, with a tear, "Will your riverence hear
What I have in my sorrow to say?"
Then the story he told, and the *tale* did unfold
Of the pig he had taken away.

5. And the priest to him said, "Ere you go to your bed,
You must pay for the pig you have taken;
For 'tis thus, by my sowl, you'll be saving your sowl,
And will also be saving your bacon.

6. "Oh, be jabers!" said Pat, "I can never do that,—
Not a ghost of a hap'orth have I;
And I'm wretched indade, if a penny it made
Any pace for me conscience to buy."

7. Then in sorrow he cried, and the father replied,
"Only think how you'll tremble with fear,
When the Judge you shall meet, at the great judgment-seat,
And the widow you plundered while here."

8. "Will the widow be there?" whispered Pat, with a stare;
"And the pig? by your sowl, is it true?"
"They will surely be there," said the priest, "I declare;
And, oh, Paddy! what then will you do?"

9. "Many thanks," answered Pat, "for your telling me that,—
May the blessings upon you be big!
On that sittlement-day, to the widow I'll say,
'Mrs. Flannegan, here is your pig!'"

EXERCISE LXXXIX.

THE RIVAL PEDDLERS.

[*Enter* CUTE and CONSCIENCE.]

Conscience. Say, Mister, which way are you driving?

Cute. Going ahead,—don't you see?

Conscience. Well, I reckon we'd better take different roads; else *one* of us will sell no tin;—what do you say?

Cute. Yes, we will. You go ahead and sell all *you* can, and I'll come after and sell as much again as you do; see if I don't.

Conscience. How so? Going to sell so much *cheaper?*

Cute. No; I'll get more than *you* do for everything I sell.

Conscience. Well, I don't see how you are going to make that out.

Cute. Never mind that; you just drive ahead to that house yonder, and try what *you* can do; and when you get through, start on your team a little, and then come back for your whip, or something you have purposely left behind, so that you may see how *I* sell.

Conscience. [*After driving up to the house where he finds an old man sitting, reading a newspaper.*] How do you do? Want to buy any tin pails or anything?

Old Man. No.

Conscience. I'll sell cheap, and take most anything in pay.

Old Man. Don't want none.

Conscience. But just look at my lot; it's the completest you ever saw.

Old Man. But I don't want to.

Conscience. Well, I really wish I could sell you something. You really think you can't buy anything to-day?

Old Man. No; I don't want anything.

[*He goes out and starts his horse; but soon returns.*]

Conscience. I didn't leave my whip here; did I?

Old Man. Hain't *seen* it.

[*Here* CUTE *drives up and addresses the old man.*]

Cute. How far is it to the tavern, neighbor?

Old Man. Half a mile.

Cute. I am as dry as a codfish. I'll take some of your water, if you please. [*Walks up to the table and takes hold of the pitcher.*] Oh, it's *cider!* [*Makes believe he was going to set it down.*]

Old Man. Drink it, if you like.

Cute. [*Drinks.*] That's royal cider; you made it for your own use; can't *buy* such as that; if I had a barrel of cider such as that in Boston, I'd get five dollars for it. How do you make it?

Old Man. Out of apples, to be sure.

Cute. Did you? Well, they must have been extraordinary *good* apples; every one of them fit to make *pies* of. Got a large orchard, ha'nt you, Squire?

Old Man. No.

Cute. First-rate, what there is on it; got a snug house here, too; havn't seen many houses I like as well as this, and I've seen a good *many* in my day. Real snug house. [*Looks around, as if hunting a stray fly.*] How many rooms have you up-stairs?

Old Woman [*who was ironing on a table close by.*] Four, and all finished off.

Cute. Four, and all finished and furnished! You *are* thriving like all natur'. Got any smart girls to fill 'em?

Old Woman. No; only one.

Cute. Well, one's good enough; better than three or four *ordinary* ones. How old is she?

Old Woman. Eighteen.

Cute. She'll be married before long, I reckon. Not many girls like yours live to be old maids.

Old Woman. I don't think *she*'ll be an old maid.

Cute. She looks like *you;* don't she? I've heard of her; she's as handsome as a pictur'. What a setting out you'll give her one of these days, won't you?

Old Woman. Yes; I've got five pair of linen sheets and four coverlids, that I made for her this very summer. I mean, if she gets married, to give her as good a setting out as *any* body's daughter.

Cute. So I would; and you are *able* to do it too. Now I think of it, I've got a few first-rate things that I *must* carry home to *somebody.* [*Winks at* CONSCIENCE, *who stands by listening.*] I've been offered more than they are worth, but I wouldn't sell 'em; but, really, I've a mind to let *you* have 'em just for that girl of yours. I don't know though, that I *can* let these go, after all; Betsey will surely expect 'em. But come, you may *look* at 'em, at all events.

[*Old woman puts on her "specs," and goes out to the wagon. He digs down to the bottom and hands up some articles just like those at the top.*]

Ah, *here* they are! always keep 'em stowed away out of sight,—genuine Lafayette tin—come from France. The more you use it, the brighter it grows. These things never want scouring.

Old Woman. What's the price of these *common* ones? [*She points to some just like those in his hand.*]

Cute. Five shillings; and these are *ten;* the Lafayette tin cost nine and sixpence; but for that pretty girl's sake, that looks so like *you*, I'll let *you* have a few for seven shillings.

[*He goes on talking till he sells her five dollars worth, and then starts on in company with the other peddler.*]

Cute. You went ahead of me; how much did you sell at that house?

Conscience. Not a red cent's worth.

Cute. Ah, *didn't* you? Then you didn't come from Connecticut?

Conscience. No, I didn't; and I didn't *want* to, if they all *lie* as *you* do!

EXERCISE XC.

UPS AND DOWNS.

1. A CHAP once told St. Patrick's dean,
While rising from his seat, "I mean
To *set up* for a wit."
"Ah!" quoth the dean, "if that be true,
The very best thing *you* can do
Is *down* again to sit."

2. *Too* many, like that would-be wit,
Set up for what they are not fit,
And always lose their aim;
Set up for wisdom, wealth, renown,
But end the farce by *sitting down*,
With poverty and shame.

3. A middling farmer thinks he can
Set up to be a *gentleman*,
And then *sit down* content;
But, after many a turn and twist,
Is set down on the pauper list,
A *fool*, not worth a cent.

4. When farmers' wives and daughters fair,
Set up with silks and bonnets rare,
To look most wondrous winning;
They sit upon a slippery stand,
Till *indigence*, with iron hand
Upsets their underpinning.

5. Some city ladies, too, whose gear
Has made them to their husbands *dear*,
Set up to lead the *ton*;*

* Prevailing fashion.

Though they sit high on fashion's seat,
Age, death, or poverty, albeit
Will set them down anon.

6. Some *fools set up* to live by law
And though they are "all over jaw,"
Soon fail for lack of brains;
But had the boobies only just
Known where they ought to *sit*, at first,
They'd saved a world of pains.

7. A *quack sets up* the doctor's trade;
But, could he use the sexton's spade
No better than his pills,
The man might moil from morn to night,
And find his match with all his might
To bury half he kills.

8. You may set up for what you choose,
As easily as wear old shoes,
If e'er so low at present;
But, when you have *set up* in vain,
And find you must *sit down* again,
'Tis *terribly* unpleasant.

EXERCISE XCI.

1. VER' SUS, against. 2. A LA MODE', according to the fashion. 3. PAR LEZ-VOUS', (*par la vöu'*,) do you speak.

NONSENSE *VERSUS*[1] BRAINS.

If e'er you see a strutting dapper fellow,
Whose face insipid with conceit is mellow,
With head erect, as if his pate aspire
To reach the sky, where burns the Day King's fire,

With beaver hat of Genin's recent model,
Placed *a la mode*[2] upon his shampooed noddle,
With Byron collar, exquisitely graced,
And neck-tie ranged with perfect Brummel taste,
With linen shirt starch-saturated,
And vest with fancy watch chain freighted,
With little gloves, with fingers taper-ending,
And pants too tight to admit of bending,
With stub-toed boots, which many a corn conceal,
And Shanghai coat extending to the heel,
With thin "goat-ee," and moustache sparsely grown,
With good cigar, and cane of buff whalebone,
"Know this great truth" as by you he doth pass,
He's a new invention from the hand of Gas!
He imitates, as well as he can do,
The Frenchman and his jargon *parlez-vous*,[3]
Until by bunglings uncouth imitation,
He works himself into amalgamation,—
Becomes a local nuisance in the eyes
Of all who Fashion's sappy laws despise.
But, then, "you know" in this "fast" age of wonder,
He gains the most, who makes the loudest thunder;
And nonsense, dressed in Fashion's robes and chains,
Has more respect than amplitude of brains.

EXERCISE XCII.

HEALTH INSURANCE.

[*Enter* Dutchman *into the Health Insurance office.*]

Dutchman. Ish te man in what inshures te peoples' helts?

Agent. I attend to that business, sir.

Dutch. Vell; I vants my healt inshured. Vot you sharge?

Agent. Different prices; from three to ten dollars a year; and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness.

Dutch. Vell; I vants ten tollars vort.

Agent. What is the state of your health?

Dutch. Vell; I ish shick all te time. I ish shust come out te bed to three hours a tay, and de doctor says he can't do nothing more goot for me.

Agent. If that's the state of your health, we can't insure you. We only insure persons in good health.

Dutch. You must tink I ish one big fool: vot! you tink I come to pay you ten tollars for inshure my helt, *ven I ish vell?* Goot tay, Mr. Agent.

EXERCISE XCIII.

"I PUY SEVEN HUNDRED TOLLAR VOR TEN TOLLAR."

A well-dressed man, a native of Poland, named Jean Christianski, called at the Detective Police office in New York, in order to give information of a swindle that had been perpetrated upon him. Upon entering the office, the victim, in a most agitated manner, asked, "Who is in sharge of dis place? I have been sheated."

Sergeant Lefferts replied, "I am in charge, sir. What is the trouble?"

Christianski then said:

1. "You zee I have a bair of classes on, and I gan not zee very gut; you zee I cum off de zhip, and I vas looking at de great zhips and houses, ven zum vellar cum along and catch me by de heel of my poots. 'By gar!' ze vellar zay to me, 'Sair, you have lost your porte-monnaie;' and quickly I clap my hand on my pockate, and I vind my porte-monnaie all right, and I zay, 'No, sair; you am mistaken; I no lost me pockate-book.'

2. "Ze man insist zat I lose my porte-monnaie, and zen he open him, and show me seven hundred tollar, and tell me zat if I give him twenty-five tollar, he give me ze pockate-book, and I get ze reward. Zen I say to ze man, 'Give me ze porte-monnaie, and I give you ze twenty-five tollars out ov him;' but ze man say, no; zat would be stealing. Zen I tinks vat a bargain!

it would be ze best bargain zat I make in six monts; and I also tinks vat a great coontry zis is, zat I can make such a bargain!

3. "Zen I look in my pockates, and I vinds ten tollars and vifty zents, and I offare him zat; ze man vanted more; but I zay, no. [*Confidentially to the officer.*]—By gar! I vould give him more, but I have no more. Zen he agree to take ze money, and I takes ze porte-monnaie and buts him in me pockate, and hold me hand on him, and run as quick as I can to my room. I lock ze door, and I peeks troo ze key-hole to zee dat nobody looks; zen I gets on ze bed and opens ze porte-monnaie; by gar! I veels so rich zat I slaps my hands. Zen I proceeds to look; ven, by gar! I found one, two, tree pieces paper and vive pennies; and, by gar! two of zem is bad—no goot.

4. "Zen I jump up and run back to ze zhip, vor to tell ze man zat he is von pig rascal, and make him give me back my ten tollar and vifty zents; and, by gar! zey is gone; zen I comes here. I have draveled in ze Roose (*Russia*), ze Proose (*Prussia*), in ze Vrance, and in ze Ingland; and, by gar! I nivare get so sheated in me life. I altare my mind about ze coontry; I now tink it a rascally coontry, for sheat me out of my ten tollar and vifty zents."

Officer Lefferts asked him if he was sure he had his hat; upon which he pulled off his hat, and said:

"By gar! I do not know; I tink it is a petter hat tan mine. I vill leave pefore I lose my poots!"

EXERCISE XCIV.

THE LAWYER'S STRATAGEM.

1. A GAY young spark, who long had sighed,
To take an heiress for his bride,
Though not in vain he had essayed,
To win the favor of the maid;

Yet fearing, from his humble station,
To meet her father's cold negation,
Made up his mind, without delay,
To take the girl and run away!

2. A pretty plan—what could be finer?
But, as the girl was yet a minor,
There still remained this slight obstruction,—
He might be taken for abduction!
Accordingly, he thought it wise
To seek the Squire, and take advice,—
A cunning knave, who loved a trick
As well as fees, and skilled to pick,
As lawyers can, some latent flaw,
To help a client cheat the law.

3. Before him straight the case was laid,
Who, when the proper fee was paid,
Conceived, at once, a happy plan,
And thus the counselor began:

4. "Young man, no doubt, your wisest course
Is this: to-night obtain a horse,
And let your lady-love get on;
And, just as soon as this is done,
You get on, *too*,—but, hark ye, mind,
She rides *before*,—*you* ride *behind*;
And thus you see, you make it true,
THE LADY RUNS AWAY WITH YOU!"

5. That very night he got the horse,
And put the lawyer's plan in force,—
Who found next day—no laughing matter—
The truant lady was his daughter!

EXERCISE XCV.

SO FORTH AND SO ON.

1. The morning was *dull*, and betokened a day
Unsuited to curing and casting of hay;
So Stephen bethought him to take a trip down,
And bring this thing and that, and the other from town;
He harnessed the horse and proceeded to go *forth*
With a pail of pale butter, eggs, berries, &c.

2. Now it happened that Stephen &c. came down
On the *day* that the *show* was to enter the town;
And into the village he chanced to come *forth*,
As the *caravan came* into the town from the north;
(A wondrous collection they purpose to show forth,)
Elks, Elephants, Monkeys, Bears, Tigers, &c.

3. And Stephen arrived *opportunely*, I ween,
For *never* had Stephen an Elephant seen;
So he with old Sorrel fetched up by the fence,
To see *without paying* the twenty-five cents;
And soon came the creatures uncouthly and slow forth,—
With tusks, and with trunk, blankets, ribbons, &c.

4. But scared at the sight, or the scent, or the sound,
Old Sorrel turned quickly and shortly around;
And, in turning so quickly and shortly about,
The wagon turned *over*, and Stephen turned *out;*
And into the gutter the berries did flow forth,
Together with Stephen, eggs, butter, &c.

5. Quoth Stephen aloud, as he rose on his legs,
"A fig for the berries, &c., and eggs;
But henceforth I never can say it, of course,
That I've not seen the elephant, nor can the horse,"
And back to the homestead "old Sorrel" did go on,
Leaving wagon, and Stephen, &c. and so on.

EXERCISE XCVI.

ARISTOCRACY.

N. P. Rogers.

1. Aristocracy! let me give it an off-hand blow here. *Hateful, heartless aristocracy!* I *detest* it above all things. I was subjected to its bloated frown when a boy, and I have a very early, if not a native, inborn *abhorrence* of it. It has no idea *you* have any *rights*, or any *feelings*. You do not belong to the same race with your paltry, uppish aristocrat.

2. He does not *associate* with you when you are with him. He makes *use* of you. He does not recognise you as a party in interest in what is going on. You are no more a companion to him than his horse or his dog; and *you* are no more than a dog or a horse, if you condescend to be of his association. He belongs to the *first families*,—first in idleness, first in indulgence, first in the scorn of humanity.

3. King Richard could carouse and fight by the side of Robin Hood and the outlaws of Sherwood Forest; but, every now and then, outlawed Freedom would tread on the toe of majesty, and regality would show its teeth and claws. Richard was an *odd* king, and went among the brave outlaws, and fought on foot among them. But, when outlawry took the liberty to speak to him, on even terms of fellow-soldiership, it roused the lion in him, and he roared and shook his mane. Aristocracy has none of the *lion* in it; but it *feels bigger* than a whole den of lions. You must beware of it. You can't live with it. It regards everything allowed you as an allowance—a favor. You *have* no rights. If you receive anything, you must do homage for it.

4. Now, I like refinement, and dislike coarseness and grossness; but I *abominate* uppishness. I like washed hands, (but not those "dainty fingers,") cleanliness and elegance, to any extent, and the refined and delicate taste. *These* are often united with *yeomanly nature*, with freedom from all superciliousness and self-worship, and I *love* them. But this *aristocracy* I will not tolerate or endure. I have not the slightest respect for

it. I will not treat it courteously even. I will not treat it *at all*. I will not have it about me. Out the way with it, and out of the world!

5. It comes by birth; it comes by money; it comes of idleness even. It is engendered by trade and by office. *Old wealth*, however, breeds it the most *offensively*,—a generation or two of homage paid by poverty to bloated opulence, will breed it *the worst kind*. It will turn up the nose of the third or fourth generation, at the very mention of *common folks*. You can tell its nose and upper lip as far as you can see them. And there is a "dumpsy-daisy" look about the eyes and eyebrows, as much as to say, "I care considerable less than nothing about *yeh!*" And the voice, too, is amăzing pecŭliar.

6. Now, anybody may be as *well born* as they have a mind to. My father was a gentleman, as they call it, and a scholar,—a good *deal* of a scholar, and he was educated; was of Harvard College—not poor New Hampshire Dartmouth—HARVARD COLLEGE OF MASSACHUSSETTS! And he was of the learned profession, and his father was a learned divine, and his grandfather, and great-grandfather, and I don't know how far back. One of them, not far back, was President of Harvard College, and back farther yet, one was burnt at the stake. I am well descended enough *far's I know;* but somehow it never made *me* despise anybody. I never could help seeing *equal humanity* in every living creature, however poor and forlorn, and my father did before me.

7. Perhaps, if *he* had been an aristocrat, *I* should have been one; but he had too much *sense*—too much real character and manhood. I am half inclined to think *I* have,—that is, I haven't a vein or an iota of *uppish blood* in me, and it must be owing to *something*. I haven't any *superfluity* of sense,—but—too much to be an aristocrat. Finally, it doesn't take much to be an aristocrat. I guess aristocracy is *a lack of sense* as much as anything. Sense of a certain sort may accompany it, or be in the same creature; but it is a senseless concern, and, moreover,

EXERCISE XCVII.

THAT NOBLE THING,—A MAN.

1. O MEN of bloated purses,
   Cease scorn, if cease you can;
   So shall you 'scape the curses
   Of that noble thing,—a MAN!

2. For all exists,—air, light, and shade;
   You are not God's whole plan;
   HEAVEN made not rich nor poor; it made
   That noble thing,—a MAN!

3. Oh, cease to swell, to "put on airs,"
   To scoff at misery wan;
   Yon trembling wretch, so full of cares,
   Is a noble thing,—a MAN!

4. Despise no brother God hath made;
   His reason canst *thou* scan?
   Who works with head, or loom, or spade,
   Is that noble thing,—a MAN.

5. O pampered Wealth! read this—well con it;
   Degrade no soul! Wealth can!
   Stick no vile, silly livery on it—
   That noble thing,—a MAN!

6. O King! O Slave! ye bond and free,
   Thou Man of Law, thou Artisan,
   Thank God for your high destiny—
   Each noble thing,—a MAN!

7. Ye poor, ye halt, ye lame, ye blind,
This life is but a span;
Take courage! for ye soon shall find
God's destiny for MAN!

EXERCISE XCVIII.

STAND, LIKE AN ANVIL.

G. W. DOANE.

1. "STAND, like an anvil," when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast:
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

2. "Stand, like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly, far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

3. "Stand, like an anvil," when the bar
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast:
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

4. "Stand, like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear:
Thine, but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that can not fear.

5. "Stand, like an anvil; noise and heat
Are born of earth, and die with time:
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

EXERCISE XCIX.

THE CORONER AND WITNESS.

Coroner. Did you know the defunct?

Witness. Who's *he?*

Cor. Why, the dead man.

Wit. Yes.

Cor. Intimately?

Wit. Werry.

Cor. How often have you been in company with him?

Wit. Only once.

Cor. Do you call *that* intimately?

Wit. Yes; for *he* was drunk, and *I* was *werry drunk;* and that made us like two brothers.

Cor. Who recognized the body?

Wit. Jack Adams.

Cor. How did he recognize him?

Wit. By seeing him, in course.

Cor. I mean, how did he know him?

Wit. By his plush jacket.

Cor. Any thing else?

Wit. No; his face was so swelled, his *mother* wouldn't ha' known him.

Cor. Then, how did *you* know him?

Wit. 'Cause I *wasn't* his mother!

Cor. What do you consider the cause of his death?

Wit. Drounding, in course.

Cor. Was any attempt made to resuscitate him?

Wit. Yes.

Cor. How?

Wit. We searched his pockets.

Cor. I mean, did you try to bring him to?

Wit. Yes,—*to* the public-house.

Cor. I mean, to *recover* him?

Wit. We weren't told to.

Cor. Did you ever suspect the deceased of mental alienation?

Wit. Yes; the whole village suspected him.

Cor. Why?

Wit. 'Cause he *alienated* the Squire's pigs.

Cor. You misunderstand me; I allude to *mental* alienation.

Wit. Some think *he was.*

Cor. On what *grounds?*

Wit. I believe *he belonged* to Squire Waters.

Cor. Pshaw! I mean, was he *mad?*

Wit. Sartenly he were.

Cor. What! devoid of *reason?*

Wit. Oh, he had no *reason* to drown himself, as *I* know of.

Cor. That will do, sir. [*To the jury.*] Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, and will consider your verdict.

Foreman. Your worship, we are all of one mind.

Cor. Well, what *is* it?

Fore. We don't mind what; we're agreeable to any thing your worship pleases.

Cor. No, gentlemen; I have no right to dictate. You had better consult together.

Fore. We have, your worship, afore we came, and we are all unanimous.

Cor. I am happy to hear it, gentlemen. [*To the Clerk.*] Mr. Clerk, take down the verdict. Now, then, gentlemen.

Fore. Why, then, your worship, it's *Justifiable Homicide,*— but, then, we recommend to mercy; and hope we shall be allowed our expenses.

EXERCISE C.

THE WIDOW'S CHOICE.

1. In her bower a widow dwelt,
   At her feet three suitors knelt,—
   Each adored the widow much,
   Each essayed her heart to touch:

One had wit, and one had gold,
And one was cast in beauty's mold.
Guess which it was that won the prize,—
Purse, or tongue, or handsome eyes?

2. First appeared the lovely man,
Proudly peeping o'er her fan;
Red his lip, and white his skin,—
Could such beauty fail to win'?

3. Then stepped forth the man of gold:
Cash he counted, coin he told;
Wealth the burden of his tale,—
Could such golden prospects fail'?

4. Then the man of wit and sense,
Moved her with his eloquence;
First she heard him with a sigh,
Now she blushed she knew not why,
Then she smiled to hear him speak,
Then the tear was on her cheek.
Beauty—vanish! Gold—depart?
Wit has won the widow's heart.

EXERCISE CI.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

HOOD.

1. I REALLY take it very kind,—
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you such an age,—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)
Your daughters, too,—what loves of girls!
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears,—
(And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)

2. Your charming boys, I see, are home,
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)
What! little Clara left at home?
Well, now I call that shabby!
I should have loved to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

3. And Mr. S., I hope he's well,—
But, though he lives so handy,
He never once drops in to sup,—
(The better for our brandy!)
Come, take a seat,—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day,—
(Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

4. What! must you go!—next time, I hope,
You'll give me longer measure:
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs,—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)
Good-by! good-by! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners,—
(Now, David, mind,—I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners.)

EXERCISE CII.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

G. P. Morris.

1. Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood;
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red-men of the wood.

Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's brim:
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

2. Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms around him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,—
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

3. "Unbind him!" gasped the chief,—
"Obey your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

EXERCISE CIII.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

FIRST SPEAKER.

1. Got one'? Don't say so'! Which did you get'?
One of the kind to open and shut'?
Own it', or hire it'? How much did you pay'?
Does it go with a crank, or a treddle'? Say,
I'm *a single man*, and somewhat green,—
Tell me about your sewing machine.

SECOND SPEAKER.

2. Listen, young man, and hear all about it,—
I don't know what I could do without it;
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well, I call it "my dear;"
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing machine!

3. It's none of your angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And worth a thousand! Indeed, it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own black hair!

4. *Mine* is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and chairs,
And makes that dismal, head-achy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a *natural spring* in the heel.

5. *Mine* is one of the kind to love,
And wear a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes, and dainty foot,
And sports the charming gaiter boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With any *indefinite number of hoops.*

6. None of your *patent machines* for me,
Unless dame Nature is the patentee;
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws.

7. One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt;
And make a pudding, as well as a shirt,—
One that can sew without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch,—
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collars and things so nice.

8. What do you think of my machine?
Ain't it the best that ever was seen?
'Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy?
With a turn for gossip and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sowing of tears.

9. Tut, tut!—don't talk. I see it all,—
You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgety fumblings mean,
You would like, yourself, *a sewing machine!*
Well, *get one*, then—of the same design,—
There were plenty left when I got mine!

EXERCISE CIV.

PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENTS.

COL. SHARP, an inn-keeper; FLIPKINS, bar-tender, and VERBUM SAPHEAD, a countryman; Spectators.

Col. Sharp. I say, Flipkins, where's that *free*-nologist gone?

Flipkins. He went up to Mackerelville this morning, to examine the skull of the sweet poetess that lives there.

Col. Sharp. Well, here comes a countryman, and I'll warrant he wants his brains overhauled. What shall we do?

Flipkins. Why, give him a benefit, yourself.

Col. Sharp. Will you help along?

Flipkins. Yes, sir-ree!

[*Enter* SAPHEAD.]

Saphead. Is this the place where the free-nologist holds out, who can tell a man's char-*ac'*-ter by the bumps onto his skull?

Col. Sharp. [*With dignity.*] It is.

Saphead. Wal, I want my potato-trap looked into a little. Where is the Puff-essor?

Col. Sharp. *I* am the man.

Saphead. Oh! you *be*, eh? Wal, put in: feel o' my lumps, and give us a map. What's the swindle?

Col. Sharp. There is *no* swindle, sir. Phrenology is a science, sir,—a *liberal* science.

Saphead. Oh, yas! 'spect so: but what's the price for feelin' a feller's head?

Col. Sharp. One dollar, with a chart.

Saphead. Wal, *go* it: what must *I* do? Lay down, or stand up? Say, Mister, does it hurt?

Col. Sharp. Not in the least, sir. Take your seat in that chair. [SAPHEAD *removes his coat, vest, and cravat; then* COL. SHARP *runs his fingers through* SAP'S *hair, making it stand up in all directions. Then to* FLIPKINS.] Mr. Flipkins, take a sheet of paper, draw four lines down its whole length, and put down my figures under the heads I mention to you.

Flipkins. Yes, sir.

Col. Sharp. Have you done it?

Flipkins. Yes,—all right.

Col. Sharp. Very well. [*Punches and pinches* SAP'S *head roughly.*] Put down Philo-progenitiveness, *sixty.*

Flipkins. Down, sir.

Col. Sharp. Very well,—Reverence, *two-forty.*

Flipkins. Booked, sir.

Col. Sharp. Combativeness, *two hundred.*

Saphead. What's that?

Col. Sharp. No matter, sir, you'll see it on the chart. Caution, *one ;* Credulity, *four hundred.*

Saphead. What on airth's that last lump?

Col. Sharp. Never mind, now; you'll understand it by-and-by. Courage, *one-eighth.* Mr. Flipkins, you've put these in separate columns, as usual?

Flipkins. Yes, sir.

Col. Sharp. Very well: add 'em up!

Saphead. Add 'em up! Is *that* the way you dew?

Col. Sharp. Of *c-o-u-r-s-e!* How else could we get your balance of mind—of intellect?

Saphead. Dew tell! Wal, go ahead!

Col. Sharp. How far does it DABOLL,* Mr. Flipkins?

Flipkins. The three columns are equal,—they foot up precisely the same.

Col. Sharp. [*Solemnly and sympathizingly.*] It is very strange! but *it is* so. Phrenology never lies. You have *no* predominant character, sir; you have no intellectual *status ;* you don't know *any*thing, sir. Excuse me, my dear friend, but I must state the fact, whether you take a chart or not; but as sure as there's any truth in phrenology, *you're a confounded goose!* [*Spectators laugh uproariously.*]

Under the circumstances, sir, I can scarcely expect you to desire a chart, which you have contracted for: that is a matter of no importance, as it will be a valuable illustration of a unique species, which I can use in my lectures hereafter. I authenticate *all* my lectures, sir, with real name and residence. The charge of deception in science, is one which was never brought against *me*, sir, and never *will* be, sir—*never!*

Saphead. Oh, never mind! give us the map,—here's the swindle, [*handing him a dollar.*] I'd rather pay it than have you goin' round the country makin' a fool of me everywhere else, as you have here,—you wicked, philo-pro-genitive, two-forty, humbug, you!

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* Daboll's Arithmetic, a book extensively used in the schools many years ago.

EXERCISE CV.

KEEP COOL.

DICK'S POEMS.

1. KEEP COOL! the secret of success in life
Lies not in haste, excitement, bustle, strife,—
This "bolting dinners," hurrying to and fro,
Keeping up one continued, constant go,—
Taking your pleasure-jaunts at railroad speed,
And never stopping aught to see or heed,—
This going to China to have a chat,
Taking but one clean dickey in your hat,—
These are the features of the times, I own,
That give to modern life its zest and tone;
But do they bring us *real*, *genuine joy*,
True happiness, unmixed with base alloy'?

2. KEEP COOL! don't strive for sudden wealth too fast,
Fortunes quick made are seldom known to last,—
As a watery bubble in the air revolves,
A breath but makes them, and a breath dissolves.
Write letters, if you've time to waste,
But don't, I pray, subscribe yourself, "*in haste*,"—
Men have been known their hopes in life to kill,
By heedless scratching of some wayward quill.

3. KEEP COOL! let prudence all your acts control,
And banish hate and envy from the soul;
Be wise, discreet, of dangers take good heed,
Be cautious, and you can not but succeed;
Shun all rash acts,—let moderation mark
Each enterprise on which you may embark;
And from your mind ne'er let there be effaced
The old, yet sterling proverb,—"HASTE MAKES WASTE!"

EXERCISE CVI.

THE SENSIBLE MAN.

C. W. S.

One day, as forth a rustic walked,
He to himself quite loudly talked;
A neighbor, who was passing by,
O'erheard his talk, and asked him why
He always talked thus to himself,
Just like a self-conceited elf;
"Come, go with me, let's take a walk,
And we will have some *sens'ble* talk."
To which the rustic made reply,—
"I'll give *two reasons* to show you why
I talk to myself, and to myself reply:
The first is this,—it has been my plan
To talk to none but a *sens'ble* man;
And next, whene'er I take my walk,
I like to hear a *sens'ble* man talk."

EXERCISE CVII.

A SELF-REFLECTION.

1. Rep ar tee', smart, witty reply; retort.

As I walked by myself, I said to myself,
And myself again said to me,—
"Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
Then *others* will care for thee."
And I said to myself, and answered myself,
With the self-same repartee,[1]—
"If thou art not sure to look to thyself,
Thyself will the folly soon see!"

EXERCISE CVIII.

A LESSON MISAPPLIED.

1. A POOR simple foreigner, not long ago,
Whose knowledge of English was simply, "so, so,"
At a shop window reading, "Good pickles sold here,"
To the shop-woman said, "Vat *is* pickles, my dear?"

2. "Why, pickles," said she, "is a sort of a name,
Like *preserves*, and the meaning is nearly the same;
For pickling preserves, though not quite the same way,—
Yet 'tis much the same thing, as a body may say."

3. The foreigner bowed, and gave thanks for his lesson,
Which, the next day, at dinner, he made a fine mess on;
For a loud clap of thunder caused Miss Kitty Nervous
To start from her chair, and cry, "Mercy, preserve us!"
While he, keeping closely his lesson in view,
Cried, "Mercy, *preserve* us, and *pickle* us, too!"

EXERCISE CIX.

A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

BY ONE ALCOHOL.

This speech will be best represented by one who can well personate a drunkard, with a bottle in his hand.

1. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—This is a great day,—a day of *independence!* It is a day upon which MYSELF and one GUNPOWDER have long been accustomed to make a display. I hope that the foolish attempt to celebrate the Fourth of July without us, will be frowned down. Whoever thought of being *funny* without being *fuddled?* Whoever thought of being truly *in-*

dependent, and setting all law and gospel at defiance, without *my* help?

2. *Ladies and Gentlemen*, I am a great character! Forgive me, if on this glorious occasion, I set forth my merits. It is one of my privileges, as well as that of my subjects, to be *boastful* and vain-*glorious*. I shall, therefore, proceed to speak of myself.

3. My name is ALCOHOL! I solicit your attention to a subject which lies near my heart. I am a great prince; and, like other distinguished potentates, I have my followers. To thousands and tens of thousands of these, I feel under profound obligations for the *homage* they have done me. They have loved me to *intoxication;* and, in doing me reverence, have *fallen at my feet.*

4. Allow me to tell you something of my subjects. Let me expatiate upon their merits. Let me set forth some of their characteristics; and then pronounce your judgment,—then say, if monarch ever had higher reason than ALCOHOL to be proud of his people.

5. And, *first*, my followers are *remarkably devoted*. From the standards of Napoleon, Wellington, and even that of Washington, *desertion* was not uncommon. But, until recently, this crime has scarcely been known in *my* army. For my sake, I have known my friends to forsake father, mother, wife, and children. Nay, such has been their zeal in my cause, that they have sacrificed property, health, and even life itself. Indeed, I may say, that, from a *pure devotion* to me, thousands have come to an untimely grave.

6. The most popular monarchs have their enemies. Doubtless, *I* have *mine*,—particularly in these degenerate days of delusion and pretended reform. But, then, I have reason to think, that some, and probably the number is large, though ostensibly my enemies, are *secretly* my friends. From motives of *policy*, they say they must appear to be against me; but, when *closeted*, they assure me that *they still love me*, and I think they give no small evidence of the fact. They have a deep *intestine* attachment to

me. Upon these friends I depend, to restore me to my former honors.

7. *Secondly*, My followers are *brave*. In a single instance, during the seven days' battle before Richmond, the rebel officers mingled gunpowder with the spirit, in order to inspire their soldiers with greater courage. I could have taught them a better lesson than this. They needed a little *fourth-proof Jamaica* [*shaking his bottle*], FOURTH PROOF, you observe,—*that* manufactures courage. Why, I never yet saw an army or a rabble whose courage flagged, if they had taken a sufficient quantity of the pure "*critter*."

8. *Thirdly*, My subjects belong to different countries, and, consequently, speak *different languages*. Whatever be their mother tongue, their accents, inflections, and cadences, especially the latter, are strikingly similar. Some *lisp* beautifully,—some have an elegant *clip* of their words,—others, at times, are affected with *hesitancy* and *stammering*, or, perhaps, they are *unable to speak at all*.

9. A *fourth* characteristic is *independence*. My followers are ever ready to pay me and my family the honors of sovereignty; and here their homage terminates. They are, to a man, *Freemen;* and have taken the oath of allegiance, a thousand times, that they will live *freely*, however they may die. Generally, they feel *rich*, however poor; and have golden prospects, without the certainty of a single dollar. I have know them, even when lying at the bottom of a ditch, and unable to move a limb, *so buoyant with spirits*, as to call out to the universe—"*To the right wheel! March!*"

10. *Finally*, my friends, one of my people *knows more* than anybody else, or he *thinks* he does, which is the same thing. It is an old adage, that "*the drunken man thinks the world turns round.*" What a glorious privilege! It is true, he *reels and staggers*, and, perhaps, *tumbles down;* but still he thinks that *he alone* is upright, steadfast, and perpendicular, while everybody else is tipping and diving as if there was an earthquake! Is not

this an ĕnviable superiority'? Thus it is, my friends, if you embrace me, you will in your own heart and mind be

"glorious,
O'er all your enemies victorious!"

11. You will think you *know more* than anybody else,—*are better* than anybody else, and are alike *superior* to the restraints of decency, morality, religion, and law. *This is true independence! This is unbounded liberty!* If, the next day, you feel the horrors, take a little more of me—a little more—and a little more; this is the true way to keep up your feelings of *independence.* Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, now is your time! Who's for king Alcohol and Independence? Who'll enlist under my banner?

EXERCISE CX.

THE WASHINGTONIAN'S STORY.

1. Liquor is the subject of my story;
I can not tell what *you* and *other* folks think
Of getting drunk; but, for my single self,
I had as lief *not* be, as live *and be*
The poor, degraded wretch that sucks the bottle.
I was born free and sober; so were *you:*
We have no need of brandy. We endure
The winter's cold, and summer's heat, the best,
Without its use.

2. I do remember well,
That once, upon a raw and piercing day,
A toper came, and challenged me to work
In open air, that he might try the strength
Of *alcohol* against pure, clear, cold water.

Upon the word, shouldering my burnished ax,
I started with the fellow for the woods.
He took with him a jug well filled with rum;
I slacked *my* thirst with water from the spring.

3. We toiled with vigor, and the air around
Answered in echoes to our sounding steel;
But, ere the sun had reached its noonday point,
The liquid in the jug was well-nigh spent.
A mist now gathered on the toper's eyes,
And strength forsook his arm. His feeble blows
Fell harmless against the mighty oaks and pines,
That seemed to *smile* to see the uplifted ax
Strike sideways, glance, and *cleave the frozen earth.*
The effect was irresistible,—I laughed
To bursting nigh;—and yet I *should have wept.*
My dinner-time had come; and hunger keen,
That sure attendant upon useful toil,
Turned my thoughts homeward, where the viands hot
Awaited my arrival

4. I spoke
To my companion, and he answered me;
But scarce had strength to make speech audible.
We started on together for our homes,—
My pace was *even*, for my limbs were *strong;*
My heart was happy, and my head was clear.
My friend fared not so well. His trembling legs
Appeared unwilling to support his weight:
They tottered, reeled, and made "Virginia fence."

5. He said, "All Nature had conspired against him;"
The *trees* themselves were quarrelsome, and struck
Him right and left, at every step. The *stumps*
Grew turbulent, and *stumped* him to a fight.
He was no *coward;* but he saw the odds

Were much against him; so he passed along,—
And, though his enemies provoked him sore,—
Oft rising up to strike him in the face,
He journeyed on and uttered but the threat,
"*You'll catch it when I catch you all alone.*"

6. The *fences* now began to dance around him;
The *earth* piled up in mountains in his path;
The *stones* came rolling 'gainst his feet, and knocked
His legs from under him; and then the *ground*,
Taking advantage of his helpless plight,
Most cowardly, threw dirt into his face.
At length, he saw his *house* approaching him,—
Whirling, it flew towards him. Windows, doors,
Sides, roof, foundation, by enchantment moved,
Changed places constantly.

7. *The cellar door*
Attacked him first,—it oped and let him in.
And there I left him,
Covered with *dirt* and glory,—sound asleep.
When the next morning came, I sought his house
With temperance pledge,—he signed it, and is safe.
He's now a *Washingtonian true as steel*,
And hates the liquid fire, as he dreads death.

EXERCISE CXI.

THE HERO'S LEGACY.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. UPON the couch of death,
The champion of the free,
Gave, with his dying breath,
This solemn legacy:

"Sheathed be the battle-blade
And hushed the cannons' thunder;
The glorious UNION GOD hath made,
Let no man put asunder!

2. "War banish from the land,
Peace cultivate with all!
United you must stand,
Divided you will fall!
Cemented with our blood,
The UNION kept unriven!"
While freemen heard this counsel good,
His spirit soared to heaven.

EXERCISE CXII.

BATTLE FOR THE TRUTH.

A. C. COXE.

1. WE are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

2. Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
(*p.*) Hark! what soundeth?—is creation
Groaning for its latter day'?

3. Will ye play, then? (<) will ye dally
With your music and your wine'?
(*f.*) Up! it is Jehovah's rally,
God's own arm hath need of thine.

4. Hark! the onset! (<) will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock'?
(*ff.*) Up! oh, up! thou drowsy soldier,
Worlds are charging to the shock.

5. Worlds are charging; Heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
(<) *On! right onward for the right.*

6. On! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake go abroad;
(°°) Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages,—tell for God!

EXERCISE CXIII.

THE SUSPICIOUS FRENCHMAN.

Merchant. [*Talking alone to himself in his office.*] These are *hard times*, sure enough. Yet there is more lack of *confidence* than of money. Everybody is afraid of his neighbor. Now, I am doing a safe business, yet I presume that little Monsieur Grenouille, who lent me that five thousand on interest, feels anxious about it. Here he comes, with a face as long as my arm. [*Enter* Frenchman.] How do you do?

Frenchman. Sick, ver' sick.

Merchant. What is the matter?

Frenchman. De times is de matter.

Merchant. De times! What disease is that?

Frenchman. De maladie vat breaks all de merchants, ver' much.

Merchant. Ah, the times, eh? Well, they are bad, *very* bad sure enough; but how do they affect *you?*

Frenchman. Vy, monsieur,* I lose de *confidence.*

Merchant. In whom?

Frenchman. In everybody.

Merchant. Not in me, I hope?

Frenchman. Pardonnez-moi, monsieur;† but I do not know who to trust when all de merchants break, several times, all to pieces.

Merchant. Then I presume you want your money?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur,‡ I starve for want of l'argent.§

Merchant. Can't you do without it?

Frenchman. No, monsieur; I must have him.

Merchant. You must?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur.

Merchant. And you can't do without it?

Frenchman. No, monsieur; not von little moment longare. [*The merchant takes his bank-book, draws a check for the amount on the bank, and hands it to his visitor.*] Vat is dis, monsieur?

Merchant. A check for five thousand dollars which you loaned me, with the interest.

Frenchman. Is it bon? (*good.*)

Merchant. Certainly.

Frenchman. Have you *de l'argent* in de bank?

Merchant. Yes; to be sure.

Frenchman. And is it perfectly convenient to pay de sum?

Merchant. Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?

Frenchman. Vy, dat you have got him in dese times.

Merchant. Oh, yes! and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I can not pay at a moment's notice.

Frenchman. [*Rubbing his head, very much perplexed.*] Monsieur, you shall do me one little favor, eh?

Merchant. With all my heart.

Frenchman. Vell, monsieur; you shall keep *de l'argent* for me some little year longare.

Merchant. Why, I thought you wanted it.

---

* Sir. † Pardon me, sir. ‡ Yes, sir. § The money.

Frenchman. I no vant *de l'argent;* I vant de *grand confidence.* Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver' much. Suppose you got him, den I no want him at all. Vous comprenez,* eh ?

EXERCISE CXIV.

GENERAL SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

AN old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the Chief who led him, on many a field of fame,—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

II.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when *I* was at your side'?
Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane'?
'Tis true, I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

III.

"Have I forgotten'?" said the Chief: "My brave old soldier, *no*!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old, and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

IV.

"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,
"The very men who fought with us, they say are traitors now:
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white, and blue,
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

V.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun,
To get the range of traitor's hearts, and prick them, one by one.
Your Minie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth while to try;
I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

* You understand.

VI.

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief,—"God bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to have a part;
They'll plant our sacred banner firm, in each rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

VII.

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried,
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;
And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least, can *I*;
So, give the *young ones* place to fight, but *me* a place to die!

VIII.

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command
Put *me* upon the rampart with the flag-staff in my hand:
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shell may fly,
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!

IX.

"I'm ready, General; so you let a post to *me* be given,
Where Washington can look at me, as he looks down from Heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, General Wayne,—
'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane!'

X.

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the traitors fly,—
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should pierce through me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place!"

EXERCISE CXV.

THE HERO* OF THE DRUM.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

1. THE drummer with his drum,
Shouting, "Come, heroes, come!"
Forward marched, nigher, nigher,
When the veterans turned pale,

* Robert Henry Hendershot

And the bullets fell like hail,
In that hurricane of fire,
Beat his drum,
Shouting "Come!
Come! come! come!"
And the fife,
In the strife,
Joined the drum, drum, drum,—
And the fifer with his fife, and the drummer with his drum,
Were heard above the strife and the bursting of the bomb,
The bursting of the bomb,
Bomb, bomb, bomb.

2. Clouds of smoke hung like a pall
Over tent, and dome, and hall;
Hot shot and blazing bomb
Cut down our volunteers,
Swept off our engineers;
But the drummer beat his drum,—
And he beat
"No retreat!"
With his drum;
Through the fire,
Hotter, nigher,
Throbbed the drum, drum, drum.
In that hurricane of flame, and the thunder of the bomb!
Braid the laurel-wreath of fame for the Hero of the drum,
The Hero of the drum,
Drum, drum, drum.

3. Where the Rappahannock runs,
The sulphur-throated guns
Poured out iron hail and ire;
But the heroes in the boats
Heeded not the sulphur throats;
For they looked up higher, higher,

While the drum,
Never dumb,
Beat, beat, beat,
Till the oars
Touched the shores,
And the fleet feet, feet
Of the soldiers on the shore, with the bayonet and gun,
Though the drum could beat no more, made the dastard rebels run.

The dastard rebels run,
Run, run, run.

EXERCISE CXVI.

THE MILITARY DRILL.

Boy dressed in regimentals, for commanding officer. Other boys to represent soldiers. They should have broomsticks, or something to represent arms.

Polite Officer. Gentlemen, you will please give me your attention. [*They form in rank.*]

1. You will be kind enough to cast your head and eyes to the *right*, and endeavor to observe the "immaculate bosom" of the third gentleman from you. [*They comply with this, as well as the subsequent requests.*]

2. Oblige me now by casting your visual organs to the *front.*

3. Allow me to suggest the propriety of coming to an *order arms.* [*They make no change of position.*]

4. Gentlemen, will you condescend to *order arms'?*

5. You will confer a special favor by coming to a *support.*

6. If it meets your approbation, I beg leave to propose that you *carry arms.*

7. Now, gentlemen, you will please *present arms.*

8. I shall consider myself under an everlasting obligation if you will, once more, oblige me by *carrying arms.*

9. Having a just and high appreciation of your intrinsic worth, as well as your exalted position in society, I humbly trust that I am not infringing upon your good nature, when I request you to *trail arms.*

10. Gentleman, for the last time, permit me to remark that it is my earnest desire that you should come to a *shoulder arms.*

11. If it is not too laborious, I should be delighted to see you change your position by coming to a *right face.*

12. To conclude your arduous exercises, I will still further trespass upon your well-known affability by desiring you to come to *arms port.*

13. Gentlemen! soldiers! blood-stained heroes! if congenial to your feelings, you may consider yourselves dismissed. I beg to remark, however, that, should it suit your convenience, you will be kind enough to hold yourselves subject to be again called into line, which you will be made aware of, by the repeated and vigorous tapping of the "spirit-stirring drum," recollecting, at the same time, that the first vibration of that sweet instrument, that strikes the tympanum of your ears, is merely precautionary. Allow me to exclaim, in stentorian voice: (°°) SEVER THE RANKS! MARCH!

[*They break up in great confusion, while the Polite Officer marches magnificently away.*]

EXERCISE CXVII.

THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER AND HIS MOTHER.

To be spoken by a young woman. Boy dressed in uniform standing by her side.

1. (*pl.*) HE is my boy, my *only* boy;
   His father died long years gone by;
   And little have I known of joy
   But gazing on his dark-blue eye.
   'Tis lighted now with higher glow;
   His country calls him; let him go!

2. He never grieved me; tender, kind,
Strong, loving; full of hope and grace;
My life was in his own entwined,
My heart but mirrored back his face.
With stern resolve he seeks the foe;—
His country calls him; let him go!

3. How often I have sat beside
Him sleeping; clustering round his head
Those rich brown locks, my praise, my pride,
And now the earth must be his bed!
'Tis wrong to grieve for this, I know, [*Wipes her eyes.*]
His country calls him; let him go!

4. Ah, in how many hearts this strife
Is waged in prayer, by prayer is won;
There is the wood, the fire, the knife,
And for the sacrifice—my son!
'Twould *kill me* if he fell; but, no!
His country calls him; let him go!

EXERCISE CXVIII.

SHOULDER ARMS.

C. G. Dunn.

1. There's a cry sweeps o'er the land,—
Shoulder arms!
Who will now a coward stand,
While the country needs his aid?
Cowardice for fools was made.
Shoulder arms!

2. Who's afraid to meet the foe?
Shoulder arms!
Who would see the flag laid low
In the dust by traitors base?
Let him ever hide his face.
Shoulder arms!

3. Who would win the soldier's fame?
Shoulder arms!
Who would bear a hero's name,
Let him raise his strong arm high,
Now to strike or now to die!
Shoulder arms!

4. See the rebel ranks advance!
Shoulder arms!
Wake, man, from your guilty trance;
This is time for action deep,
Not the hour for sloth or sleep!
Shoulder arms!

5. Voices call you from the grave,—
Shoulder arms!
Voices of the martyrs brave,
Who, amid the shock of wars,
Battled for the stripes and stars.
Shoulder arms!

6. By the names of heroes dead,
Shoulder arms!
Precious hearts as yours have bled
To maintain the Union's might;
Now it is your turn to smite.
Shoulder arms!

7. Onward! onward to the van!
Shoulder arms!
Onward, like a fearless man!
Stand not like one deaf and dumb
While you hear th' appealing drum.
Shoulder arms!

8. God will bless the work you do,—
Shoulder arms!
He will lead you safely through
Every peril, while you fight
'Gainst the wrong t' uphold the right.
Shoulder arms!

9. Hesitate no longer, man,—
Shoulder arms!
Go and do the good you can;
Wait not till the day is past;
Go, and while your heart beats fast,
Shoulder arms!

EXERCISE CXIX.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes,—all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain.

2. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but, by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every

good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government.

3. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

4. Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

EXERCISE CXX.

AMERICAN SAILOR'S SONG OF INDEPENDENCE.

W. C. Brown.

1. Ye sons of Columbia! land of the brave,
   Who roam far away on the ocean's bright wave,
   To-day in our dear native land is unfurled
   The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world!

2. From the East to the West, from the South to the North,
   Each patriot welcomes the glorious Fourth;

The booming of cannon and martial array,
Swells the splendor and pomp of this much-honored day.

3. Though no cannon peals loud o'er the ocean serene,
Nor the joy of the nation disturbs the still scene,
Yet the flag of our country floats brightly alone,
And who is not proud when he calls it his own?

4. Our gallant ship gayly skims o'er the blue sea,
As if conscious of bearing the Flag of the Free;
Then, *hip*, *hip*, HURRAH! for your banner unfurled,
And three hearty cheers for the pride of the world!

EXERCISE CXXI.

PROPHECIES FOR THE YEAR.

1. My hearers, your ears, if you please, if you please,
While I tell what my eye of prophecy sees,—
What there is in the future for each and for all,
The *plenty* in store for the greatest and small:

2. Plenty of changes, and all for the worse,
Plenty of blessings exchanged for one curse;
Plenty of nostrums that never were tried,
Plenty of liberty, all on one side;
Plenty to overturn, few to uphold,
Plenty of poverty, great lack of gold;
Plenty of promise, and nothing to hand,
Plenty of paupers all gaping for land.

3. Plenty of dupes to a handful of knaves,
Plenty of freemen fast verging to slaves;
Plenty of atheists scoffing at God,
Plenty of faction at home and abroad;

Plenty of colonies cutting adrift,
Plenty of demagogues lending a lift;
Plenty of newspapers springing the mine,
Plenty of readers to think it all fine.

4. Plenty of projects with misery fraught,
Plenty of fools by no precedents taught;
Plenty of Quixotry—still in the wrong,
Plenty of humming, that can not last long;
Plenty of law-givers, "tattered and torn,"
Plenty of delegates fettered and sworn;
Plenty of gentlemen cutting their throats,
Plenty of waverers turning their coats;
Plenty of rogues with it all their own way,
Plenty of honest men skulking away;
Plenty of Whigs to send England to ruin,
Plenty of Tories to let them be doing.

5. Plenty of meddling without a pretense,
Plenty of war that is all for "offense;"
Plenty of crowns that tottering sit,
Plenty of tenants with notice to quit;
Plenty of ancestry, just to disown,
Plenty of rats undermining the throne;
Plenty to-day to work mischief and sorrow,
Plenty to vote a Republic to morrow.

EXERCISE CXXII.

THE LAWYER AND IRISHMAN.

Irishman sitting in a chair when the lawyer enters his office.

Lawyer. Well, Pat, what are you doing here?

Patrick. An' plase yer honor, ain't I sitting in this chair?

Lawyer. Yes; I see you are sitting in that chair; but what are you here for?

Patrick. Och! and what am I hare for? and didn't I come to see yer honor about that drame of mine?

Lawyer. What was your dream, Pat? come, let us have it.

Patrick. It was a strange drame; it was, indade; an' all about my old frind, Mike O'Neil; bless his poor sowl.

Lawyer. Well, what about your friend Mike?

Patrick. Faith, an' did yer honor ever know Mike O'Neil? He was jist my age, for he died the very day I was born.

Lawyer. That is very singular; but what has that to do with your dream?

Patrick. I was jist about to tell you that he died the same day that Jemey McMurphy died, who has been in his grave two years jist, this very day.

Lawyer. But what has McMurphy to do with your dream?

Patrick. But didn't my frind Mike chate every body when he was alive. He was my next-door neighbor many a yare; for he only lived in the nixt strate but one.

Lawyer. I think you must have forgotten your dream, Pat.

Patrick. No, indade; I was just thinking about it; for you must know that he chated me badly when he was my nixt neighbor?

Lawyer. Who was it that cheated you so badly?

Patrick. Plase yer honor, an' wasn't it my old frind Mike who chated me out of my own pig? indade it was, dear sowl.

Lawyer. But what was your dream?

Patrick. An' wasn't it that of which I came to tell you; indade it was, sir; for, in my dream, I saw my old frind Mike, an' wasn't Jemey McMurphy with him, sure?

Lawyer. Well, where were they, and what were they doing?

Patrick. Bless yer honor, they were jist the same as before they died, only a little more so.

Lawyer. What were they doing, Pat?

Patrick. That is jist what I am about to tell you; for I didn't know before that people trade horses in another world.

Lawyer. Did your dream take you to heaven, then?

Patrick. May it plase yer honor, it did, indade; an' it was there I saw my old frind Mike.

Lawyer. Did you say he was trading horses?

Patrick. That is jist the thing he was doing; an' wasn't it with Jemey McMurphy he was trading? sure it was.

Lawyer. I suppose they made a fair and honest trade.

Patrick. Indade they didn't; for it was my frind Mike who couldn't be afther forgetting his old tricks; and he chated Jemey badly.

Lawyer. Well, what did Jemey do then?

Patrick. Faith, an' says he, "I'll prasecute you, sure I will."

Lawyer. And how did they make out with the lawsuit?

Patrick. Sure, an' they didn't have any, indade they didn't.

Lawyer. Why didn't they have a lawsuit; I thought you said Jemey threatened to prosecute Mike?

Patrick. That's the very thing I was about to tell you, sir; for I thought it was what yer honor ought to be afther knowing. You see, Jemey went to get a lawyer, an' he made inquiry everywhere, indade he did; and then he came back, an' says he, "Mike, I can't prasecute you, any how; for I've sarched the whole kingdom of heaven for a lawyer, an' there isn't a single one in it, indade there isn't."

EXERCISE CXXIII.

EXCELSIOR.

1. Upon a ladder's lowest rung,
   A hodman with his mortar hung,
   And ever and anon he sung,—
   Excelsior!

2. Upward he hies with laughing eye,
   Now bent below, now cast on high;
   Prompt to each query his reply,—
   Excelsior!

3. In very fullness of his fun,
He up the airy round would run,
Then, springing, take two steps in one,—
EXCELSIOR!

4. With flute-like voice and deer-like bound,
He capered on the trembling round,
And shouted still the thrilling sound—
EXCELSIOR!

5. Agape to mark each merry prank,
The Broadway herd stood rank on rank,
The long, the short, the lean, the lank,—
EXCELSIOR!

6. "Good people, wot's that covey at,
With tattered togs and figure squat,
A caperin' like a crazy cat?
EXCELSIOR!"

7. "I guess that chap is in a fix,
Them hollerings and monkey tricks,
Ain't nowhow mortar fit for bricks;—
EXCELSIOR!"

EXERCISE CXXIV.

NOW OR NEVER.

O. W. HOLMES.

I.

LISTEN, young heroes! your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

II.

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

III.

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands clasping,—
"Off for the wars is enough for them all!

IV.

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 'tis the bugle-blast! sabers are drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

V.

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom!
Now is the day and the hour of salvation;
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

VI.

Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

VII.

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,
From the dank swamps where our martyrs are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth.

VIII.

From the hot plains where they perish unnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged with the battle-field's plow,
Comes the loud summons: too long you have slumbered,
Hear the last angel-trump,—"NEVER OR NOW!"

EXERCISE CXXV.

FUSS AT FIRES.

J. SMITH.

Let a company of boys be seated on the stage, and the speaker direct his address to them.

I. IT having been announced to me, my young friends, that you were about forming a fire-company, I have called you together to give you such directions as long experience in a first-quality engine company qualifies me to communicate.

2. The moment you hear an alarm of fire, *scream like a pair of panthers.* Run any way, except the right way; for the farthest way round is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on the top of a wood-pile, so much the better; you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks on your view, "break" for it immediately; but be sure you don't jump into a bow window. *Keep yelling all the time;* and, if you can't make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling, too. A brace of cats, dragged up-stairs by the tail, would be a "powerful auxiliary."

3. When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; or, if you can't do that, perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump-handle and pound it down. *Don't forget to yell, all the while,* as it will have a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. The louder the better, of course; and the

more ladies in the vicinity, the greater necessity for "doing it brown."

4. Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man "smoke" that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit-trees in the lot, cut them down, to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. *Don't forget to yell!* Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse,—he'll be alive and kicking; and if his legs don't do their duty, let them pay for the roast. Ditto as to the hogs,—let them save their own bacon, or smoke for it.

5. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow-bar and pry away the stone steps; or, if the steps be of wood, procure an ax and chop them up. Next, cut away the wash-boards in the basement story; and, if that don't stop the flames, let the chair-boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the "devouring element" still pursue the "even tenor of its way," you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers, and tumble out all the tumblers. *Yell all the time.*

6. If you find a baby abed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way; but let the kitten carefully down in a work-basket. Then draw out the bureau-drawers, and empty their contents out of the back window; telling somebody below to upset the slop-barrel and rain-water hogshead at the same time. Of course, you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown, the more pieces will be made. If any body objects, smash it over his head.

7. Do not, under any circumstances, drop the tongs down from the second story: the fall might break its legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life. Set it straddle of your shoulders, and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed-clothes carefully on the floor, and throw the crockery out of the window. By the time you will have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building be burnt down. In either case, your services will be no longer needed; and, of course, you require no further directions, except, at all times, *to keep up a yell.*

EXERCISE CXXVI.

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. SMITH.

1. CITY full of people
   In a business flurry;
   Everybody's motto,
   Hurry! hurry! hurry!
   Every nook and corner
   Filled to overflowing;
   Like a locomotive,
   Everybody going!

2. Everybody active;
   Fogyism dead;
   All are "young Americans,"
   Bound to "go ahead!"
   Dry or rainy season,
   Cloudy day or sunny,
   Citizens all driving
   Bargains to make money!

3. Englishmen and French,
   Germans, Dutch, and Danish,
   Chattering Chinese,
   Portuguese and Spanish,—
   Men of every nation,
   Birds of every feather,
   Honest men and rogues,
   Hustled up together.

4. Heavy wholesale merchant
   Hurries on so fast,
   Evidently thinks
   Every hour his last;

Dapper little Frenchman
Makes a running bow;
Calculating Yankee
Can not stop just nëow.

5. City of the West,
Built up in a minute,
Hurry and excitement
Moving all within it;
Like steam locomotives,
Citizens all going;
City in a hurry,
Filled to overflowing.

EXERCISE CXXVII.

"SHINNING"* IN THE STREET.

1. Rushing round the corners,
Chasing every friend,
Plunging into banks,
Nothing there to lend,—
Piteously begging
Of every man you meet,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
"Shinning" on the street.

2. Merchants very short,
Running neck and neck,
Want to keep a-going,—
Praying for a check;

* This term is very generally applied to individuals who are obliged to borrow money to meet immediate and pressing demands.

Dabblers in stocks,
Blue as blue can be,
Evidently wishing
They were "fancy free."

3. All our splendid railroads
Got such dreadful knocks,
Many of the Bulls*
Couldn't raise their stocks;
Twenty thousand Bears,*
In the trouble sharing,
Now begin to feel
They've been over-Bearing.

4. Risky speculators
Tumbling with the shock;
Never mind stopping
More than any clock;
Still they give big dinners,
Smoke, and drink, and sup,
Going all the better
For a winding up.

5. Banking institutions,
Companies of "trust,"
With other people's money,
Go off on a bust;
Houses of long standing
Crumbling in a night,—
With so many "smashes,"
No wonder money's *tight.*

6. Gentlemen of means
Having lots to spend,

* Bulls and Bears are terms usually applied to Brokers and Stockjobbers in New York city.

Save a little sympathy,
Nothing have to lend;
Gentlemen in want,
Willing to pay double,
Find they can borrow
Nothing now but trouble.

7. Half our men of business
Wanting an extension,
While nearly all the others
Contemplate suspension;
Many of them, though,
Don't appear to dread it;
Every cent they owe
Is so much to their credit.

8. Brokers are all breaking,
Credit all is cracked,
Women all expanding
As the banks contract.
Panic still increasing,—
Where will the trouble end,
While all hands want to borrow,
And nobody can lend?

9. Running round the corners,
Trying every source,
Asking at the banks,—
Nothing there, *of course;*
Money getting tighter,
Misery complete,—
Bless me! this is pleasant
"Shinning" on the street.

EXERCISE CXXVIII.

CURIOSITY.

Four boys—WILLIAM, LOUIS, JAMES, and HENRY.

Louis. Oh, William! I've found something, and you can't guess what it is!

William. What is it? [*Turning to James.*] James, Louis has found something.

James. What is it? Let *me* see, won't you?

Louis. No; I shan't let any body see it till they guess what it is. [*He holds his hand close.*]

William. Is it *money?*

James. Is it a *knife?*

Louis. Guess on, and I'll bow my head when you're right.

William. Tell us the first letter!

James. Yes; it is not fair to keep us waiting so.

Louis. Oh! it belongs to me; I needn't tell any one unless I choose to.

William. Then, James, we won't play with him, will we?

James. No; and we won't show him any thing *we* get. Father's going to buy *me* something to-morrow—it's my birthday.

William. What is it, James? Let *me* see it—won't you?

James. Yes; but Louis shan't, if he don't tell me what *he's* found.

Louis. Oh! I don't believe it will be much!

William. I guess it will; for his father is able to buy him a great deal,—is he not, James?

James. Yes; it will be worth,—I shan't say how much.

Louis. 'Cause you don't know. It will not be worth much, I'll venture.

William. It will, too; come, Louis, let us see it.

James. Poh! I don't believe he has any thing.

Louis. I have, too! Just see how large my hand is! I can't hardly shut it.

James. Let's get it away from him, William; will you?

Louis. I should like to see you try. I can master both of you.

James. Oh, William! I've found something too! [*Snatches something from the ground.*] Look here!

Louis. I don't believe it.

James. I have—haven't I, William?

William. Yes, indeed; I wouldn't exchange.

James. Nor I, either.

Louis. Let us see it.

William. Poh! I wouldn't waste my breath.

James. Well, you will not see it; come, William, let's go home.

William. Yes, I will show my new—[*Louis comes up to listen*]—new—you need not listen, Louis; I shan't tell. You need not follow us; you will not know.

[*Enter* HENRY.]

Henry. What is the matter, boys? I thought you were the best friends in the world.

William. And so we were; but Louis has found something, and won't tell us what it is.

Louis. I told them to guess, and they wouldn't.

James. We could not; but I have found something, and he shan't see it.

Henry. How foolish, boys, to get angry at such trifles! Nothing you have, even though it is gold, can be of more value than your friendship for each other.

William. Louis began it!—he ought to have shown us what he'd found.

Louis. Well! you began to get mad right off, before I had a chance to tell.

James. Oh, Louis, what a story!

Henry. See, now, what a great fire a little spark kindleth. Louis, if you had shown what you had found, you would have saved this trouble.

Louis. James has found something, too, and would not let me

see it; and he says he's going to have a birthday present to-morrow; but I shan't be any the wiser. And William's got something new at home; but *I* don't care.

Henry. Now, boys, listen to me. You have *all* done wrong. Come, Louis, you was the first *trespasser;* show what you found. [*Louis hesitates.*] Come!

Louis. Oh, it isn't much! I only wanted to see what they'd say.

Henry. You wanted to excite their curiosity, and exercise a little superiority. Well, boys, I wouldn't care to know what it is. If it was a prize, he'd show it quick enough.

Louis. Ask James what he's got; if *he'll* show, *I* will; and what has William got at home?

Henry. Come, James, open your hand.

James. Poh! it's only a stick!

Louis. And mine is only a cent!

William. And I've a kitten at home!

Henry. Now, boys, see how foolish your quarrel. Here you were, all by the ears, almost ready to fight—for what?—a *stick*, a *cent*, a *kitten!* Just think of it! weeks would have passed, and you would not have spoken to each other. And so with many quarrels, that begin in trifles, and end only in bloodshed and the prison. Beware, boys, of such tempers!

Louis. Oh, I didn't mean any thing! I just wanted to teaze them a little, to see if they were good Yankees at guessing! Who couldn't have guessed *a cent?*

James. And who couldn't have guessed *a stick?*

William. And who couldn't have thought of *a kitten?*

Henry. That's enough. Now, be frank with each other; tell your good luck, and take a joke as a joke, and not make a serious affair of it.

William. Oh, we don't care for it now!—do we, James?

James. No; come, Louis, we won't think any thing more about it, will we?

Louis. No; I didn't mean any thing.

Henry. I'm glad to see you ready to forgive, and we can all go home happy now. Come. [*All go off.*]

EXERCISE CXXIX.

MOVING DAY.

Moving day very generally takes place on the 1st of May in the city of New York. The following is a very graphic description of the confusion and disasters attendant on moving.

1. First of May! clear the way!
   Baskets, barrows, trundles;
   Take good care, mind the ware,—
   Betty, where's the bundles?

2. Pots and kettles, broken victuals,
   Feather beds, plaster heads,
   Spoons and ladles, babies' cradles,
   Cups and saucers, salts and castors;
   Hurry skurry, grave or gay,
   All must trudge the first of May.

3. Now we start, mind the cart,
   Shovels, bed-clothes, bedding;
   On we go, soft and slow,
   Like a beggar's wedding.

4. Jointed stools, domestic tools,
   Chairs unbacked, tables cracked,
   Gridiron black, spit and jack,
   Trammel hooks, musty books,
   Old potatoes, 'frigerators,
   Hurry skurry, grave or gay,
   All must trudge the first of May.

5. Now we've got to the spot,
   Bellows, bureau, settee;
   Ropes untie, mind your eye,
   Do be careful, Betty!

6. Look! what's there? Broken ware,—
Bottles smashed, china crashed,
Pickles spoiled, carpet soiled,
Bureau scratched, knobs detached,
Empty casks, broken flasks:
Do be careful as you pass,—
There it goes—the looking-glass!

7. Such a clashing, such a smashing,
Ripping, splitting, pulling, hitting,
Going, throwing, calling, bawling,
Babies crying, women flying;
Hurry skurry, grave or gay,
All must trudge the first of May.

EXERCISE CXXX.

THE YANKEE PEDAGOGUE.

C. W. S.

1. A few years since, as the facts will explain,
A Yankee Pedagogue in the State of Maine,
Went out a-hunting near Moosehead Lake,
Where he some *small game* hoped to take.
He soon came near a hunter's noose,
Designed to ensnare a deer or moose:
How this was done, I'll tell you now,—
He bended down a sapling low,
Then, with a cord tied to the same,
He made a snare for *larger* game.

2. Our Pedagogue, as will be seen,
Was rather verdant,—that is, *green;*
And so resolved for himself to see
The cause that bended thus the tree;

His foot he placed within the snare,
When, quick as thought, he's in the air,
Full fifteen feet. In wild despair,
He shrieks for help; but no one's near
His piteous moans and groans to hear;
And there he hung till the hunter came
To see if he had caught his game;
When, lo! instead of a deer or moose,
He found he'd caught a *silly goose.*
He's soon released from his perilous hight,
And quickly "vamoosed" out of sight;
Resolved to turn to his old pursuit,
And "*teach young ideas how to shoot.*"

EXERCISE CXXXI.

THE BEASTS WITHIN US.

LEIGHTON.

1. WHAT, you will say, have I *beasts* within me'? Yes'; you have beasts, and a vast number of them. And that you may not think I intend to insult you, is *anger* an inconsiderable beast, when it barks in your heart'? What is *deceit*, when it lies hid in a cunning mind; is it not a *fox'?* Is not the man who is furiously bent upon *calumny*, a *scorpion'?* Is not the person who is eagerly set on *resentment* and *revenge*, a most *venomous viper'?* What do you say of a *covetous man?* is he not a *ravenous wolf'?*

2. And is not the *luxurious man*, as the prophet expresses it, a *neighing horse'?* Nay; there is no wild beast but is found within us. And do you consider yourself as lord and prince of the wild beasts, because you command those that are *without*, though you never think of subduing or setting bounds to those that are *within* you'? What advantage have you by your reason, which enables you to overcome *lions*, if, after all, you yourself are overcome by *anger'?*

3. To what purpose do you *rule over the birds*, and catch them with gins, if you, yourself, with the inconstancy of a bird, are hurried hither and thither, and sometimes flying high, are ensnared by pride, sometimes brought down and caught by pleasure? But, as it is shameful for him who rules over nations to be a slave at home, will it not be, in like manner, disgraceful for you, who exercise dominion over the beasts that are without you, to be subject to a great many, and those of the worse sort, that roar and domineer in your distempered mind'?

EXERCISE CXXXII.

HONOR.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. ES CUTCH' EON, shield, or coat-of-arms.

CAN honor set a leg'? No'. Or an arm'? No'. Or take the grief of a wound'? No'. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then'? No'. What is honor'? A word'. What *is* that word, honor'? Air'. A trim reckoning'. Who hath it'? He that died o' Wednesday'. Doth he feel it'? No'. Doth he hear it'? No'. It is *insensible*, then'? Yea, to the dead'. But will it not live with the living'? No'. Why'? Detraction will not suffer it'; therefore, I'll *none* of it'. Honor is a mere escutcheon';[1] and so ends my catechism'.

EXERCISE CXXXIII.

POLISH WAR SONG.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

1. FREEDOM calls you! (") Quick, be ready!
Rouse ye in the name of God!
(<) Onward! onward! strong and steady,
Dash to earth the oppressor's rod!
Freedom calls! ye brave!
Rise, and spurn the name of slave.

2. Grasp the sword !—its edge is keen,
Seize the gun !—its ball is true ;
Sweep your land from tyrant clean,—
Haste, and scour it through and through.
Onward ! onward ! Freedom cries !
Rush to arms,—the tyrant flies.

3. By the souls of patriots gone,
Wake !—arise !—your fetters break ;
Koskiusco* bids you on,—
Sobieski cries awake !
Rise, and front the despot czar,—
Rise, and dare the unequal war.

4. Freedom calls you ! (″) Quick, be ready !
Think of what your sires have been !
(<) Onward ! onward ! strong and steady,
Drive the tyrant to his den !
On, and let the watchwords be,
COUNTRY, HOME, AND LIBERTY !

EXERCISE CXXXIV.

THE ONSET.

B. W. PROCTOR.

1. SOUND an alarum ! The foe is come !
I hear the tramp, the neigh, the hum,
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum :
Huzza !
Sound ! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.
What ! shall we shake at a foe unknown′ ?
Huzza ! huzza !

* KOS KI US′ CO and SO BI ES′ KI, two Polish patriots.

2. Have we not sinews as strong as they?
Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?
Have we not God on our side to-day?
Huzza!
Look! they are staggered on yon black heath:
Steady awhile, and hold your breath!
Now is your time, men! Down, like death!
Huzza! huzza!

3. Stand by each other, and front on your foes!
Fight, while a drop of red blood flows!
Fight, as ye fought for the old Red Rose!*
Huzza!
Sound! Bid your terrible trumpet bray!
Blow, till their brazen throats give way!
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!
Huzza! huzza!

EXERCISE CXXXV.

1. IN STAN' TER, immediately; instantly. 2. VIN ĀI GRETTE', a bottle or box, used like a smelling-bottle, for holding aromatic vinegar. 3. PA-TRI'' CIAN, noble; not plebeian.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

FANNY FERN.

1. WHEN the spirit moves you to amuse yourself with "shopping," be sure to ask the clerk for a thousand and one articles you have no intention of buying. Never mind about the trouble you make him; that's part of the trade. Pull the fingers of the gloves you are examining quite out of shape; inquire for some

* RED ROSE refers to the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, for the English throne. The *Red Rose* was the emblem of one party, and the *White Rose* of the other.

nondescript color, or some scarce number, and, when it is found, "think you won't take any this morning;" then keep him an hour hunting for your sun-shade, which you, at length, recollect you "left at home;" and depart without having invested a solitary cent.

2. When you enter a crowded lecture-room, and a gentleman rises politely,—as American gentlemen always do,—and offers to give up his seat,—which he came an hour ago to secure for himself,—take it, as a matter of course; and don't trouble yourself to thank him, even with a nod of your head. As to feeling uneasy about accepting it, that is ridiculous! because, if he don't fancy standing during the service, he is at liberty to go home; it is a free country!

3. When you enter the cars, and all the eligible places are occupied, select one to your mind; then walk up to the gentleman, who is gazing at the fine scenery through the open window, and ask him for it, with a queenly air, as if he would lose caste instanter,[1] did he hesitate to comply. Should any persons seat themselves near you, not exactly of "your stamp," gather up the folds of your dress cautiously, as if you were afraid of contagion, and apply a "vinaigrette"[2] to your patrician[3] nose!

4. Should you receive an invitation to a concert, manage to accept it,—conditionally; leaving a door to escape, should a more eligible offer present itself.

5. When solicited to sing at a party, decline until you have drawn around you the proper number of entreating swains; then yield gracefully, as if it were a great sacrifice of your timidity.

6. As to cultivating your minds, that is all waste powder; you have better ammunition to attack the enemy; and as to cultivating your heart, there is no use in talking about a thing that is unfashionable! So, always bear in mind, that all a pretty woman is sent into the world for, is to display the fashions as they come out; waltz, flirt, dance, and play the mischief generally.

EXERCISE CXXXVI.

1. FÊTE, (*fate,*) feast; entertain. 2. DIS TIN' GUE, (*dēs tang' gwa,*) distinguished; genteel. 3. E CAR' TÉ, (*ā car' tā,*) game at cards.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

BAYLY.

1. WHY don't the men propose, mamma?
   Why *don't* the men propose?
   Each seems just coming to the point,
   And then away he goes!
   It is no fault of yours, mamma,
   That every body knows;
   You *fête*[1] the finest men in town,
   Yet, oh! they won't propose!

2. I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
   To make a proper match;
   For coronets and eldest sons
   I'm ever on the watch.
   I've hopes when some *distingué*[2] beau
   A glance upon me throws;
   But though he'll glance, and smile, and flirt,
   Alas! he won't propose!

3. I've tried to win by languishing,
   And dressing like a blue;
   I've bought big books, and talked of them
   As if I'd read them through!
   With hair cropped like a man, I've felt
   The heads of all the beaux;
   But Spurzheim could not touch their *hearts;*
   And, oh! they won't propose!

4. I threw aside the books, and thought
   That ignorance was bliss;
   I felt convinced that men preferred
   A simple sort of Miss;

[*Lisps.*] And *th*o I li*th*ped out naught beyond
Plain "ye*th*eth" or plain "noe*th*,"
And wore a *th*weet, unmeaning *th*mile,
Yet, oh! they won't propo*th*e.

5. Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
I heard Sir Harry Gale
Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again!"
I started, turning pale;
I really thought *my* time was come,
I blushed like any rose;
But, oh! I found 'twas only at
Ecarté[3] he'd propose.

6. And what is to be done, mamma?
Oh! what is to be done?
I really have no time to lose;
For I am thirty-one.
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows;
Why *won't* the men propose, mamma?
Why *won't* the men propose?

EXERCISE CXXXVII.

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

1. The huge rough stones from out the mine,
Unsightly and unfair,
Have veins of purest metal hid
Beneath the surface there.
Few rocks so bare but to their hights
Some tiny moss-plant clings;
And round the peaks so desolate,
The sea-bird sits and sings.

Believe me, too, that rugged souls,
Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good,—
We've all our angel side.

2. In all there is an inner depth,
A far-off secret way,
Where, through the windows of the soul,
God sends his smiling ray.
In every human heart there is
A faithful, sounding chord
That may be struck, unknown to us,
By some sweet, loving word.
The wayward will in man may try
Its softer thoughts to hide,—
Some unexpected tone reveals
It has an angel side.

3. Despised, and lone, and trodden down,
Dark with the shades of sin,
Deciphering not those halo-lights
Which God has lit within:
Groping about in utmost night,
Poor, poisoned souls they are,
Who guess not what life's meaning is,
Nor dream of Heaven afar.
Oh, that some gentle hand of love
Their stumbling steps would guide,
And show them that, amidst it all,
Life has its angel side!

4. Brutal, and mean, and dark enough,
God knows some natures are;
But He, compassionate comes near,
And shall we stand afar?

Our cruise of oil will not grow less
If shared with hearty hand;
For words of peace and looks of love
Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror,
Love is the beauteous guide,
Love, with her beaming eyes, can see
We've all our angel side.

EXERCISE CXXXVIII.

A SHUFFLING WITNESS.

KNICKERBOCKER.

The following dialogue shows the manner in which some witnesses avoid telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Counsel. Sir, you say you attended the sale on the execution spoken of. Did you keep the minutes of that sale?

Witness. Don't know, sir, but I did; don't recollect whether *I* kept the minutes, or the *sheriff*, or *nobody*. I think it was *one* of us.

Counsel. Well, sir, will you tell me what articles were sold on that execution? [*Here witness hesitated, not wishing to go into particulars, until the patience of the counsel was exhausted.*]

Counsel. Did you on that occasion sell a *thrashing-machine?*

Witness. Yes; I think we did.

Counsel. I wish you to be positive. Are you *sure* of it?

Witness. Can't say that I am *sure* of it; and when I come to think of it, I don't know as we did; think we didn't.

Counsel. Will you swear, then, that you did not sell one?

Witness. No, sir, don't think I would; for I can't say whether we did or didn't.

Counsel. Did you sell a *horse-power?*

Witness. Horse-power'?

Counsel. Yes; a horse-power.

Witness. Horse power! Well, it seems to me we did; and then it seems to me we didn't. I don't know, now, as I can recollect whether I remember there was any horse-power there; and if there wasn't any there, or whether we sold it or not: but I don't think we did; though it may be, perhaps, that we *did*, after all. It's some time ago, and I don't like to say, certainly.

Counsel. Well, perhaps, you can tell me this: did you sell a *fanning-mill?*

Witness. Yes, sir; we sold a fanning-mill. I guess I am *sure* of that.

Counsel. Well, you swear to that, do you—that *one* thing?—though I don't see it on the list. [*Looking over a paper.*]

Witness. Why, I may be mistaken about it; perhaps I am. It may be it was somebody else's fanning-mill, at some other time,—not sure.

Counsel. [*To the Judge.*] I should like to know, may it please the Court, what this witness *does* know, and what he *is* sure of.

Witness. [*To Counsel.*] Well, sir, I know one thing that I am sure of; and that is, that on that sale we sold either a *thrashing-machine*, or a *horse-power*, or a *fanning-mill*, or one, or all, or neither of them; but I don't know which.

EXERCISE CXXXIX.

THE PRESS.

ELLIOTT.

1. GOD said, "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt His might,
And fled away;
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'Tis day! 'tis day!"

2. "Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
The thunderous cloud that flamed
O'er daisies white;

And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And, blushing, murmured, "Light!"

3. Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Poured forth her pensive rays.
Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers, all clad
In glory, bloom!

4. And shall the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb'?
No'; by the *mind* of man!
By the swart artisan!
By God, our Sire!
Our souls have holy light within;
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.

5. By earth, and hell, and heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven!
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night from this blest hour,
The night of minds is gone!

6. "The Press!" all lands shall sing;
The Press, the Press we bring,
All lands to bless:
O pallid Want! O Labor, stark!
Behold we bring the second ark!
THE PRESS! THE PRESS! THE PRESS!

EXERCISE CXL.

THE LITTLE ESSENCE PEDDLER.

S. W. Seton.

This may be spoken, with good effect, by a lad with a basket on his arm, containing vials.

1. Ladies, you can not do a kinder act than to lighten a poor boy's basket. I have been crying my essence since early dawn; but I have not had worse luck since last New Year.

2. I did, at least, expect to sell this one bottle of *Patriotism* to-day; for I am sure a few drops of it would act like a charm about this time. It is rather a scarce article, and nearly out of the market; although there are many pretended wholesale dealers in the article.

3. This is compounded from extracts of the "*Spirit of Seventy-six*," the oil of the "*Love of peace and good order*," together with two other valuable extracts, viz., "*Do justice to all men*," and "*Love your neighbor as yourself*."

4. But, ladies, here is the very *article* for you. See how it sparkles! You may say of it, "How ruby bright!" This is the *Essence of Matrimony*—a very harmless and delightful composition. Observe its crimson hue: *that* is produced by the extract of *modesty*, with the tincture of *blushes*. This essence, also, contains a mixture of *simplicity of manners* and *plain dealing*, with a decoction from a single sprig of *firmness*.

5. There are several other precious ingredients in this essence, and among them is the *spirit of meekness*, *gentleness*, and *forbearance*, with some grains of *economy*, *prudence*, and *industry*. This essence is sometimes adulterated with an extract of *bitter sweet*. The genuine has on the seal a heart and an eye, with the word "*fides*." * This is the veritable essence, as you see, and is sweetened with the honey of *reciprocal affection*.

6. Here is an article of great value to the ladies. It is the

* Faithfulness.

essence of *Beauty*, distilled from the delicate and lovely plant, known as a *meek and quiet spirit.* I have been told by those who have long used it, that they are regardless of gray hairs and wrinkles, and seek no greater adornment for grace and beauty.

7. But I will also show the *Art of pleasing*, produced from an extract of the *root of good will.* Here is the essence of *Prudence.* It is distilled from the blossoms of the tree called "*Think before you act.*" This is very cooling, and keeps off all fevers of fretfulness and anger. A single drop, taken daily, strengthens the whole system.

8. This is the essence of *Industry.* It contains a decoction from a native plant called "*Keep yourself busy,*" united with the oil of the *flowers of contentment.* These two, the essence of *Prudence* and the essence of *Industry*, are excellent articles to guard against the ills of life. Those who have made use of them say they operate admirably in preventing poverty, bad habits, discontent, and many other evils.

9. But, now I think of it, I will read you my grandfather's recipe for the cure of a very common complaint, and one as old as the hills. [*Puts his basket down, and feels in his pocket.*] Oh, dear! bad luck all day. This morning I broke two vials of *Meekness* and *Patience;* but I thought I had mended the matter by taking a few drops of *Prudence.* [*Still feeling in his pocket.*]

10. Well, I must have left it at home; but I'll try to repeat it for your benefit. It is a cure for that terrible disease of the mouth, lying somewhere near the root of the tongue, called *Scandal.* I think the recipe is this: "Take of *good nature*, one ounce; half an ounce of *hold your tongue*, a handful of the herb called *mind your own business*, and one ounce of *charity for others.* Simmer these together in the vessel of *circumspection*, and, when cool, it is fit for use."

11. The symptoms of this disease are easily detected. A violent itching of the tip of the tongue and roof of the mouth, with a slight uneasiness about the heart, especially when in company, or near that species of untamable creatures called "*Gossips.*"

12. When this disease is coming on, the greatest precaution is necessary. A spoonful of the mixture should be taken immediately, and held in the mouth at least five minutes. It may seem almost suffocating at first, but the mouth must be kept firmly closed till all symptoms have disappeared. Should you fear a relapse, it would be well to carry a vial of this mixture with you constantly, and, on the slightest symptoms, to repeat the dose.

13. This disease is apt to break out in large assemblies; and, for your sakes, as well as the little essence boy's, I'll just step home and get a package or two. So, for the present, kind friends, good-by.

EXERCISE CXLI.

ICARUS; OR, THE PERIL OF BORROWED PLUMES.

J. G. Saxe.

I.

There lived and flourished long ago, in famous Athenstown,
One *Dædalus*, a carpenter of genius and renown;
('Twas he who with an *auger* taught mechanics how to *bore*,—
An art which the philosophers monopolized before.)

II.

His only son was *Icarus*, a most precocious lad,—
The pride of Mrs. Dædalus, the image of his dad;
And while he yet was in his teens such progress he had made,
He'd got above his father's size, and much above his trade.

III.

Now *Dædalus*, the carpenter, had made a pair of wings,
Contrived of wood and feathers and a cunning set of springs,
By means of which the wearer could ascend to any hight,
And sail about among the clouds as easy as a kite!

IV.

"Oh, father," said young *Icarus*, "how I should like to fly!
And go like you where all is blue along the upper sky;
How very charming it would be above the moon to climb,
And scamper through the Zodiac, and have a high old time!

V.

"Oh, wouldn't it be jolly, though,—to stop at all the inns;
To take a luncheon at 'The Crab,' and tipple at 'The Twins;'
And, just for fun and fancy, while careering through the air,
To kiss the *Virgin*, tease the *Ram*, and bait the biggest *Bear?*

VI.

"Oh, father, please to let me go!" was still the urchin's cry;
"I'll be extremely careful, sir, and won't go *very* high;
Oh, if this little pleasure-trip you only will allow,
I promise to be back again in time to fetch the cow!"

VII.

"You're rather young," said *Dœdalus*, "to tempt the upper air;
But take the wings, and mind your eye with very special care;
And keep at least a thousand miles below the nearest star;
Young lads, when out upon a lark, are apt to go too far!"

VIII.

He took the wings—that foolish boy—without the least dismay,
(His father stuck 'em on with wax,) and so he soared away;
Up—up he rises, like a bird, and not a moment stops
Until he's fairly out of sight beyond the mountain-tops!

IX.

And still he flies—away—away; it seems the merest fun;
No marvel he is getting bold, and aiming at the sun;
No marvel he forgets his sire; it isn't very odd
That one so far above the earth should think himself a god!

X.

Already, in his silly pride, he's gone too far aloft;
The heat begins to scorch his wings; the wax is waxing soft;.
Down—down he goes! Alas! next day poor *Icarus* was found
Afloat upon the Ægean sea, extremely damp and drowned!

XI.

The moral of this mournful tale is plain enough to all:—
Don't get above your proper sphere, or you may chance to fall;
Remember, too, that borrowed plumes are most uncertain things;
And never try to scale the sky with other people's wings!

EXERCISE CXLII.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

C. W. S.

1. Pause awhile, ye disconsolate tenants of earth! Raise your bowed heads and look upward! Behold the vast panorama which Nature has spread out for your study and contemplation! If you look at the blue, concave heavens over your head, on a clear night, you will behold it bedecked with myriads upon myriads of sparkling gems, outvying in beauty the most resplendent coronet that ever adorned the head of any earthly potentate.

2. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." If these are glorious, what must be the glory of Him who created them! What a magnificent temple for the worship of that Almighty Being, who spread abroad the heavens as a curtain, "and laid the foundations of the earth!"

3. Look abroad over the earth! What a prospect is spread out before you! What an endless variety of configuration,—hill and valley, mountain and plain, rivers, lakes, seas, cataracts,—is presented to your enraptured view! If you look over the

illimitable ocean, and behold its heavings, its turbulence, and ceaseless agitations, the mind is overwhelmed with awe and admiration at "the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep!"

4. Look at the earth in the various changes of the seasons! Now, it reposes, for awhile, in the icy embrace of winter; now, it is decorated with the verdure and flowers of spring; now, it smiles in the luxuriance of summer; anon, it is laden with the rich bounties of autumn—affording sustenance for every living creature.

> "These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God! The rolling year
> Is full of Thee!"

5. Look up, ye despairing children of earth, to that kind and beneficent Father, whose watchful care is ever over you, and whose wisdom, power, and goodness challenge your admiration, gratitude, and love.

EXERCISE CXLIII.

CATS *VERSUS* RATS.

J. N. M.

1. "The rascally rats! the rascally rats!
Oh, for the use of a legion of cats!
Cats to keep watch all over the house,
Where'er there's room for the head of a mouse!
Rats in the parlor, rats in the hall,
Rats in the garret, rats in the wall,
Rats in the cellar, the closets, the trunks,
Rats in the kitchen that carry off hunks
Of solid provisions,—such monstrous chunks!
You'd think the fellows were laying up store
To last them a couple of years, or more!

The vagabond race!
So thievish and base!
Infesting the sewers, the gutters, and docks,
And laughing to scorn your fastenings and locks,—
Utterly reckless of persons and places,
Where *do* they not show their impudent faces?
Gnaw your fur hat,
Coat, or cravat;
Souse into milk, or butter, or fat;
Seize upon cake, and run off with that;
Dance all around like an ape in a vat,
And gulp down any thing they can get at;
Oh, for the sting of a bee or a gnat,
Any thing—any thing else but that
Horrible creature ycleped* a rat!"

2. Thus madly raves
And misbehaves,
A neighbor of mine, in idle wrath,
Whene'er a rat comes o'er his path;
While praise he lavishes and without measure,
Over a cat, as a wonderful treasure.
But what's a cat
Without a rat,
On which to pounce,
Just like an ounce?
In fact, the cat and the ounce are the *same:*
Differing but little except in the *name;*
For science is able distinctly to trace,
In *both*, the marks of the feline race.
But the cat, I say,
Without her prey,
Would be in the way;
For only to hunt the rats you house her:
What would she be, if she wasn't a *mouser?*

* Called; named.

Little you'd prize her;
You'd rather despise her.
"*Despise her?*" My friend,
I pray you attend:
What if she didn't catch rats and mice?
Isn't she gentle, and calm, and nice?
Isn't she full of the prettiest sport?
Don't even children her company court?
Isn't she one of the warmest of friends,
A blessing the best that Heaven e'er sends?

3. Ah, little you know,
As facts will show,
The character you are praising so!
Why, sir, her very *name* declares
The nature of the look she wears;
For *cat* means *sly*, or *cunning*, or *shrewd*,—
A prominent trait in all the brood;
Constituting the GENUS that
Underlies the *species* cat.
"She's such a *friend!*"—
Kind Heaven defend
Both me and mine
From friends feline!
But she's so wonderful *calm* and nice!
Yes; calm and *cold* as a lump of ice.
Let any one give her offense in the house,
She'll seize upon *him* as quick as a mouse;
Let Want invade your humble abode,
Your cat's the first to take the road
That leads to places where Plenty smiles,
And cats can practice their native wiles.
She loves not *you*, but what you *give* her;
And, being the *freest* kind of liver,
What you don't *give*, she's sure to *steal;*
Nor does she the least repugnance feel
To butcher your bird, if she wants a meal,

Though many a cheerful, soothing note
She has daily heard from his tuneful throat,
Which might have forbidden the fell design,
And softened a nature even feline.

4. Her gentle plays!
Her winning ways!
Charming the children wherever she stays!
"*Her gentle plays!*"—why, do what you will,
The creature continues savage still;
Ready with animals wild to resort,
And cruel, in fact, in her very sport:
Grasping a mouse that comes in her way,
And finding pleasure in torturing her prey;
Keeping the wretch
Quite on the stretch,
By a fiendish prolongation of strife,
In a hopeless effort to save its life.
This is your vĕry agrēeable cat,
So pĕrfectly gĕntle, mīld, and all that!
Such beaŭtiful fur!
Such agrĕeable pur!
And so very nĭce
To throttle the mĭce!
And throttle the children, too, if you please,
If they but meddle at all with her ease;
Jump right up in your company's lap;
Scratch their hands, if they give her a tap;
Thrust her whiskers full into their faces;
Soil or rend their satins and laces;
Get on the fence, and creep over boards
Surmounted with spikes as sharps as swords;
Gather together, and bawl away
In such a horrid, unearthly way,
As to rouse the neighbors at dead of night,
With cries like children screaming for fright;

Commit every nuisance under the sun,
And yet be praised because of that one
Horrible service, horribly done,
Namely, the darting out suddenly at,
And tearing to pieces a poor little rat!

5. But, he's a *thief*,
You say;—in brief,
Of all the pilfering tribe the chief;
And, doubtless, there is a ground for belief,
That he *does* sometimes assume to himself
Things lying around on the table or shelf;
But, then, to appeal to a cat for relief,
Is to act on the principle,—"Thief catch thief;"
And find, after all, in arts to deceive,
In base proclivity ever to thieve,
The cat is as far ahead of the rat,
(Say what you please to the contrary of that,)
As a hare is ahead of a snail in running,
Or Hood is ahead of the world in punning.

6. Poor, luckless rat!
How often that
Malice, which no relenting knows,
Alone inspires the murderous blows
Aimed at thy poor, devoted head,
While seeking merely meat and bread!
How *can* he an *honest* living provide,
Thus hunted and hunted on every side?
Just give him a chance
In the world to advance,
And soon a figure much finer than that
Which you admire so much in the cat,
He'll make in the world;—why, some even say
He's not without taste in a *musical* way,

Or *feeling*, at least; for he has been
So deeply moved by the violin,
(Not by a blow on the head, I mean,)
As to die outright of joy alone,
Under the sway of a musical tone!
While that dull pur
Which you, dear sir,
Admire in her,
Is little short of a musical *slur;*
That is, a slur *on* music, not *in* it,
Which a Goth couldn't stand the tenth of a minute.

7. But I say no more;
The case is before
My auditors here,
And perfectly clear;
So clear, at least, as to convince *me* that
I've done the best I could for the rat;
And now, in conclusion, permit me to say
What I think, on the whole, I safely may,—
Whatever failings the rat may betray,
Or virtues superior the cat may display,
He's *ahead* of her always, at least, in *one* way,
That is, when she's *after* him, *running away!*

EXERCISE CXLIV.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Frank. It appears strange to me that people can be so imposed upon. There is no difficulty in judging folks by their looks. I profess to know as much of a man, at the first view, as by half a dozen years' acquaintance.

Henry. Pray, how is that done? I would like to learn such an art.

Frank. Did you never read Lavater on Physiognomy?

Henry. No. What do you mean by such a hard word?

Frank. Physiognomy means a knowledge of men's hearts, thoughts, and characters, by their looks. For instance, if you see a man with a forehead jutting over his eyes like a piazza, with a pair of heavy eyebrows, like the cornice of a house, with full eyes, and a Roman nose,—depend upon it, he is a great scholar, and an honest man.

Henry. It seems to me I should rather go below his nose, to discover his scholarship.

Frank. By no means; if you look for beauty you may descend to the mouth and chin; otherwise, never go below the region of the brain.

[*Enter* GEORGE.]

George. Well, I have been to see the man hanged; and he has gone to the other world, with just such a great forehead, and Roman nose, as you have always been praising.

Frank. Remember, George, all signs fail in dry weather.

George. Now, be honest, Frank, and own that there is nothing in all this science of yours. The only way to know men is by their *actions.* If a man commits burglary, think you a Roman nose ought to save him from punishment?

Frank. I don't carry my notions so far as that; but it is certain that all the faces in the world are different; and equally true that each has some marks about it, by which one can discover the temper and character of the person.

[*Enter* PETER.]

Peter. [*To Frank.*] Sir, I have heard of your fame from Dan to Beersheba. I am informed that you can know a man by his face, and can tell his thoughts by his looks. Hearing this, I have visited you, without the ceremony of an introduction.

Frank. Why, indeed, I profess something in that way.

Peter. By that forehead, nose, and those eyes of yours, one might be sure of an acute, penetrating mind.

Frank. I see that you are not ignorant of physiognomy.

Peter. I am not; but still I am so far from being an adept in the art, that, unless the features are very remarkable, I can not determine with certainty. But *yours* is the most striking face I ever saw; there is a certain firmness in the lines which lead from the outer verge to the center of the apple of your eye, which denotes great forecast, deep thought, bright invention, and a genius for great purposes.

Frank. You are a perfect master of the art; and to show you that I know something of it, permit me to observe that the form of your face denotes frankness, truth, and honesty. Your heart is a stranger to guile, your lips to deceit, and your hands to fraud.

Peter. I must confess that you have hit upon my true character, though a different one from what I have sustained in the view of the world.

Frank. [*To Henry and George.*] Now, see two strong examples of the truth of physiognomy. [*While he is saying this, Peter takes out his pocket-book, and makes off with it.*] Now, can you conceive that, without this knowledge, I could fathom the character of a total stranger?

Henry. Pray, tell us by what marks you discovered that in his heart and lips was no guile, and in his hands, no fraud?

Frank. Ay, leave that to me; we are not to reveal our secrets. But I will show you a face and character that exactly suit him. [*Feels for his pocket-book in both pockets—looks wild and concerned.*]

George. [*Tauntingly.*] Ay, "in his heart is no guile, in his lips, no deceit, and in his hands, no fraud! Now we see a strong example of the power of physiognomy!"

Frank. He is a wretch! a traitor against every good sign! I'll pursue him to the ends of the earth. [*Starts to go.*]

Henry. Stop a moment; his fine, honest face is far enough before this time. You have not yet discovered the worst injury he has done you.

Frank. What's that? I had no watch or money for him to steal.

Henry. By his deceitful lips, he has robbed you of any *just* conception of yourself; he has betrayed you into a foolish belief that you are possessed of most extraordinary genius and talents; whereas, separate from the idle whim about physiognomy, you have no more pretense to genius or learning than a common school-boy. Learn, henceforth, to estimate men's hands by their deeds, their lips by their words, and their hearts by their lives.

EXERCISE CXLV.

1. DI AG NO' SIS, the discriminating knowledge of any thing, especially of disease. 2. PROG NO' SIS, the art of foretelling the course and event of a disease by its symptoms.

LOVE AND PHYSIC.

1. A CLEVER man was Doctor Digg,
   Misfortunes well he bore;
   He never lost his patience, till
   He had no patients more.
   And though his practice once was large,
   It did not swell his gains;
   The pains he labored for, were but
   The labor for his pains.

2. To *marry* seemed the only way
   To ease his mind of trouble;
   Misfortunes never singly come,
   And misery makes them double.
   He had a patient rich and fair,
   That hearts by scores was breaking;
   And, as he once had *felt her wrist*,
   He thought *her hand* of taking.

3. And so he called;—his beating heart
With anxious fears was swelling;
He, half in habit, took her hand,
And on her tongue was dwelling.
But thrice, though he essayed to speak,
He stopped, and stuck, and blundered;
For, say, what mortal could be cool,
Whose pulse was most a hundred?

4. "Madam," at last, he faltered out—
His love had grown courageous—
"I have discovered a new complaint
I hope will prove contagious;
And when the symptoms I relate,
And show its diagnosis,[1]
Oh, let me hope from those dear lips,
Some favorable prognosis![2]

5. "This done," he cries, "let's try those ties
Which none but death can sever;
Since 'like cures like,' I do infer
That love cures love forever."
He paused—she blushed—however strange
It seems on first perusal,
Although there was no promise made,
She gave him *a refusal.*

6. Perhaps you think, 'twixt love and rage,
He took some deadly potion;
Or, with his lancet oped a vein,
To ease his pulse's motion.
To guess the vent of his despair,
The wisest one might miss it:
He reached his office,—*then* and *there*—
HE CHARGED HER FOR THE VISIT.

EXERCISE CXLVI.

THE CONFESSION.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

For the sake of variety, and in order to render the surprise more complete, this piece should be read in a suppressed, tremulous tone of voice, expressive of grief or sorrow, except the last two lines, which should be uttered in a full tone of voice.

1. (*pl.*) THERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,
   There's somewhat on my breast!
   The live-long day I sigh, father,
   At night I can not rest;
   I can not take my rest, father,
   Though I would fain do so,
   A weary weight oppresseth me,—
   The weary weight of woe!

2. 'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
   Nor lack of worldly gear;
   My lands are broad and fair to see,
   My friends are kind and dear;
   My kin are leal and true, father,
   They mourn to see my grief,
   But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
   Can give my heart relief!

3. 'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
   'Tis not that she's unkind;
   Though busy flatterers swarm around,
   I know her constant mind.
   'Tis not the coldness of her heart
   That chills my laboring breast,—
(°°) *It's that confounded cucumber*
   I ate, and can't digest!

EXERCISE CXLVII.

BOMBASTIC DESCRIPTION OF A MIDNIGHT MURDER.

1. (*sl.*) 'Twas night! the stars were shrouded in a vail of mist; a clouded canopy o'erhung the world; the vivid lightnings flashed and shook their fiery darts upon the earth; the deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hail-stones fell like leaden balls; the huge undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore; and torrents leaped from mountain-tops; when the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance on his brow,—murder in his heart,—and the fell instrument of destruction in his hand.

2. (<) The storm increased; the lightnings flashed with brighter glare; the thunder growled with deeper energy; the winds whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul, and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp. A demoniac smile gathered on his lip; he grated his teeth; raised his arm; sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim; and relentlessly killed——a Musquito!

EXERCISE CXLVIII.

THE CREOWNIN' GLORY OF THE UNITED STATES'N.

Knickerbocker.

1. My Hearers,—My text ain't in Worcester's Pictorial, nor Webster's big quarto; but it is in the columns of the Bunkum Flagstaff and Independent Echo,—"*Edication is the Creownin' Glory of the United'n States'n.*

2. Thar ain't a feller in all this great and glorious Republic

but has studied readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic. Thar ain't a youngster so big that you couldn't drown him in a wash-bowl, but what has read Shakspeare's gogerphy, and knows that *all the world is a stage*, with two poles, instead of one, like a common stage; and that it keeps goin' reound and reound on its own axletree, not axin' nothin' o' nobody; for, "*Edication is the Creownin' Glory of the United'n States'n.*"

3. Who was it that, durin' the great and glorious Revolution, by his eloquence, quenched the spirit of Toryism? An American citizen! Who was it that knocked thunder out of the clouds, and took a streak o' greased lightnin' for a tail to his kite? An American citizen! Who was it that invented the powder that will kill a cockroach, if you put a little on his tail, and then tread on it? Who was it that discovered the Fat Boy, and captured the wild and ferocious "*What Is It?*" An American citizen! Oh, it's a smashin' big thing to be an American citizen! King David would have been an American citizen, and the Queen of Sheba would have been naturalized, if it could a bin did; for, "*Edication is the Creownin' Glory of the United'n States'n.*

4. When you and I shall be no more,—when this glorious Union shall have gone all to smash,—when Barnum shall have secured his last curiosity "at a great expense,"—*then* will the historian dip his pen in a georgious bottle of blue-black ink, and write,—"*Edication was the Creownin' Glory of the United'n States'n.*"

EXERCISE CXLIX.

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

LOVER.

1. OUR Father land! and wouldst thou know
Why we should call it Father land?
It is that Adam here below
Was made of earth by Nature's hand;

And he, our father, made of earth,
Hath peopled earth on every hand;
And we, in memory of his birth,
Do call our country, "Father land."

2. At first, in Eden's bowers, they say
No sound of speech had Adam caught,—
But whistled like a bird all day,—
And, may be, 'twas for want of thought:
But Nature, with resistless laws,
Made Adam soon surpass the birds;
She gave him lovely Eve—because,
If he'd a wife—*they must have words.*

3. And so, the NATIVE LAND I hold,
By *male* descent is proudly mine;
The LANGUAGE, as the tale hath told,
Was given in the *female* line:
And thus, we see, on either hand,
We name our blessings whence they've sprung,
We call our country, "FATHER LAND,"
We call our language, "MOTHER TONGUE."

EXERCISE CL.

NORVAL.

GREENHORN and PROMPTER.

ARRANGED BY S. C. MASSETT.

Greenhorn. My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks, a frugal swan—

Prompter. Swain, you booby.

Greenhorn. Swain, you booby, whose constant care was
To increase his shop—

Prompter. Store, sir. What are you doing?

Greenhorn. Store, sir,—what are you doing?—and keep his only son, myself, at home;
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire desired—
Prompter. Denied, you booby!
Greenhorn. Denied, you booby! Yon moon which rose
Last night, round as a cheese—
Prompter. Shield, you stupid Jack!
Greenhorn. Shield, you stupid Jack!—had not yet taken a horn.
Prompter. Filled her horn, you fool!
Greenhorn. Filled her horn, you fool!—when,
By its light, a band of fierce barbers—
Prompter. Barbarians, you dunce!
Greenhorn. Barbarians, you dunce!—rushed like a
Torrent down upon the hills,
Sweepin' our flocks and hers—
Prompter. Herds, sir; not *hers*.
Greenhorn. Herds, sir, I said. I alone, with bended
Bow, and quivering full of arrows—
Prompter. Quiver, sir!
Greenhorn. Quiver, sir, I said,—hovered about the enemy,
And marked with a lead-pencil—
Prompter. Marked the road, you booby!
Greenhorn. Marked the road, you booby!—he took;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men, I met advancing.
The pursuit we led, until we o'ertook the spoiled cucumbers—
Prompter. Spoil-encumbered foe, you stupid goose!
Greenhorn. Spoil-encumbered foe, I meant, you stupid goose!—and, having heard
That our brave king had summoned his bold pears and apples—
Prompter. Peers, you blockhead!
Greenhorn. Peers, you blockhead!—to meet their warriors at the common—
Prompter. Carron side!

Greenhorn. Carron side!—I left my father's house,
And took with me a maid-servant—

Prompter. A chosen servant, you fool!

Greenhorn. A chosen servant, you fool!—to conduct my steps.
Yon trembling cow—cow—cow— [*Hesitates.*]

Prompter. Coward, you ninny!

Greenhorn. Coward, you ninny!—who forsook his master,
Returning home in a chariot—

Prompter. In triumph, sir!

Greenhorn. In triumph, sir!—I disdained the shepherd's slothful wife—

Prompter. Life, sir!

Greenhorn. Life, sir!—and Heaven directed, came to—to—to—

Prompter. Make a fool of yourself, booby!

Greenhorn. Make a fool of yourself, booby, and do the happy deed which gilds my humble name!

EXERCISE CLI.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

DR. CHALMERS.

1. THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday.

2. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands with whom you come in contact, year by year, and you will

never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

EXERCISE CLI.

THE BEST OF LIQUOR.

PAUL DENTON.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd walked up to him, and cried out: "Mr. Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"THERE!" answered the preacher, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at a spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth.

1. "THERE!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all His children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, *there* God brews it; and *down*, low *down* in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder-storms crash; and far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big wave rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God,—*there* He brews it, that beverage of life—health-giving water.

2. "And *everywhere* it is a thing of life and beauty,—gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in

the ice-gem, till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels; spreading a golden vail over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the glacier; folding its bright snow-curtain softly about the wintery world; and weaving the many-colored bow, that seraph's zone of the siren,—whose warp is the rain-drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

3. "Still *always* it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poisonous bubbles are on its brink; its foam brings not *madness* and *murder;* no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrinking ghost, from the grave, curses it in the worlds of eternal despair! (°°) Speak out, my friends: would you exchange it for the *demon's* drink, ALCOHOL'?" [*A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered,* "No!"]

EXERCISE CLIII.

THE MADDENING BOWL.

1. OH! take the maddening bowl away,
Remove the poisonous cup!
My soul is sick—its burning ray
Hath drunk my spirit up:
(<) Take—take it from my loathing lip,
Ere madness fires my brain;
Take—take it hence, nor let me sip
Its liquid death again!

2. Oh! dash it on the thirsty earth,
For I will drink no more;
It can not cheer the heart with mirth
That grief hath wounded sore;

For serpents wreathe its sparkling brim,
And adders lurk below;
It hath no soothing charm for him
Who sinks oppressed with woe.

3. Then, hence! away, thou deadly foe,—
I scorn thy base control.
(*f.*) Away, *away!* I fear thy blow,
Thou palsy of the soul!
Henceforth I drink no more of thee,
Thou bane of Adam's race;
But to a heavenly Fountain flee,
And drink the dews of grace.

EXERCISE CLIV.

THE BIRTH OF GREEN ERIN.

1. With all condescinshin,
I'd turn your attinshin,
To what I would minshin on Erin so green:
And, without hisitayshin,
I'd show how that nayshin
Became, in creayshin, the gim an' the queen.

2. It happined wan marnin',
Without iny warnin',
That Vaynus was born in the beautiful say;
An' by that same tokin,
(An' shoor, 'twas provokin,)
Her pinions were soakin', and wouldn't giv play.

3. So Niptune, who knew her,
Began to purshue her,
In ordher to woo her, the wicked ould Jew!

An' he very nigh caught her
Atop iv the wather,
Great Jupither's daughther, who cried, "*Poo-a-loo!*"

4. But Jove, the great jainyous,
Looked down an' saw Vaynus,
An' Niptune so haynious purshuin' her woild;
So he roared out in thundher,
He'd tare him asundher,
An' shoor 'twas no wondher, for tazing his choild.

5. So a sthar that was flyin'
Around him, espyin',
He sazed without sighin', and hurled it below,
Where it tumbled loike winkin',
While Niptune was sinkin',
And gave him, I'm thinkin', *the brath iv a blow!*

6. An' that sthar was dhryland,
Both lowland and highland,
An' formed a swate island, the land iv me birth!
Thus plain is me shtory,
'Kase sint down from glory,
That Erin so hoary 's a heaven upon earth!

7. Thin Vaynus jumped nately
On Erin so shtately;
But faynted, 'kase lately so bothered and prissed;
Which her much did bewildher;
But ere it had killed her,
Her fayther dishtilled her a dhrop iv the bisht

8. An' that glass so victorious,
It made her feel glorious,
A little uproarious, I fear it might prove;
Hince, how can yez blame us
That Erin's so faymous
For beauty, and murther, and whishkey, and love!

EXERCISE CLV.

THE NATIONAL BANNER.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. ALL hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast!

2. Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame!

3. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace forever follow where it leads the way!

EXERCISE CLVI.

THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. *The people always conquer.* They always *must* conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the *people* never invade. When they

rise against the invader, they are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket, their palisado; and Nature, God, is their ally!

2. Now, he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath His drifting mountains of sand. Now, He buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows. He lets loose His tempests on their fleets. He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders. He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, *resolved to be free.*

"For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

EXERCISE CLVII.

1. SAT UR NA' LI A, festival; season of great license or excess.

THE UNION.

MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

"THE UNION—it must and shall be preserved."

1. DISSOLVE THE UNION'!—let the blush of shame
Hide, with its crimson glow, the brazen cheek
Of him who dares avow the traitorous aim.
'Tis not the true, the wise, the good, who speak
Words of such fearful import; but the weak,
Drunk with fanaticism's poisonous wine,
And, reckless of the future, madly seek
To hold their saturnalia[1] at the shrine
That noble souls have held, and still must hold, divine!

2. DISSOLVE THE UNION'!—madmen, would ye rend
The glorious motto from our country's crest'?
(<) Would ye despoil the stars and stripes, that lend
Home, food, protection to the world's oppressed'?

Have ye no reverence for the high bequest
That our immortal sires bestowed erewhile'?
Has sin defaced the image God impressed
On your humanity, that ye could smile
To see the lurid flames of Freedom's funeral pile'?

3. Dissolve the Union'!—never'! Ye may sow
The seeds of vile dissension o'er the land,
That men may reap in sorrow; ye may show
The world your disregard of all its grand,
Eternal interests; but a noble band
Of patriots, tried and true, will still remain,
With heart to heart, and sinewy hand to hand,
To guard, from foul dishonor's cankering stain,
The jewels God has shrined in Freedom's holy fane!

4. Dissolve the Union'!—no'; destroy the page
That gives to human sight the hideous scrawl;
Let not the freemen of a future age
Read these detested words; they would recall
Shame, madness, imbecility, and all
That mars the noon-tide glory of our time.
True to the undivided, stand or fall;
To waver now is little less than crime,—
To battle for the right is glorious, is sublime!

EXERCISE CLVIII.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR THAT ROCKS SO EASY.

1. Let others sing the "good green-wood,"
And laughing lips so pretty;
Or paint,—if such should be their mood,—
A pair of eyes so jetty:
Mine is a theme I hope will please ye,—
An Old Arm-chair that rocks so easy.

2. Well stuffed and cushioned o'er and o'er,
It always looks inviting;
'Twas never known to be a bore,
Nor guilty of *backbiting:*
The very thing when one is lazy,—
That Old Arm-chair that rocks so "aisy."

3. 'Tis like an old, familiar friend
We love to meet full often;
Whose love and kindness always blend
The cares of life to soften:
'Twill neither vex, nor scold, nor tease ye,
The Old Arm-chair that rocks so easy.

4. Just look at Grandmamma, with "*specs*,"
A handsome silk-purse knitting;
"I guess," when finished, she'll annex
The metal that is fitting:
Then knit away—(I will not quiz ye,
Old Grandmamma)—and take it easy.

5. They talk of epicurean bliss,
And Frenchmen "cutting capers;"
Give me a motion such as this,
And then—the "morning papers:"
Come, draw it where 'tis cool and breezy,—
The Old Arm-chair that rocks so easy.

6. 'Tis pleasant, at the close of day,
In easy posture lying,
To rock, and dream one's soul away,
Like saints indulged in dying:
Thus let me go, when death shall seize me,—
My Old Arm-chair,—'twill be *so* easy.

EXERCISE CLIX.

LEGAL EXAMINATION.

Question. Have you ever attended any Law Lectures?

Answer. I have attended to many legal lectures, where I have been admonished by police magistrates for kicking up rows in the streets, pulling off handles of door-bells, knockers, &c.

COMMON LAW.

Ques. What is a real action?

Ans. An action brought in *earnest*, and not by way of joke.

Ques. What are original writs?

Ans. Pot-hooks, hangers, and trammels.

EQUITY AND CONVEYANCE.

Ques. What are a bill and answer?

Ans. Ask my tailor.

Ques. How would you file a bill?

Ans. I think I would lay the case before a blacksmith.

Ques. What steps would you take to dissolve an injunction?

Ans. I would put it into some very hot water, and let it remain there until it melted.

CRIMINAL LAW AND BANKRUPTCY.

Ques. What is Simple Larceny?

Ans. Picking a pocket of a handkerchief, and leaving a purse full of money.

Ques. What is Grand Larceny?

Ans. Stealing a young lady's heart, and then eloping with her.

Ques. How would you proceed to make a bankrupt?

Ans. Induce him to take one of the theaters.

Ques. How is the property of a bankrupt disposed of?

Ans. The solicitors and other legal functionaries divide it among themselves.

Ques. What are Remedies?

Ans. Brandreth's Pills, and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Sirup.

EXERCISE CLX.

THE JUSTICE AND THE PRISONER.

Justice. Well, sir, why are *you* here?

Prisoner. Because I couldn't get away from the officers.

Justice. Why did they bring you here?

Prisoner. That's just what *I* want to know.

Justice. Have you ever been *condemned?*

Prisoner. Yes, sir.

Justice. State under what circumstances.

Prisoner. When I was twelve years old I had an inflammation of the lungs, and was *condemned* by three doctors.

Justice. You don't understand me. I ask whether you have ever been *proceeded against?*

Prisoner. Yes, sir.

Justice. Tell the particulars.

Prisoner. Willingly. One day, when walking up the First Avenue, I was *proceeded against by a savage bull.*

Justice. That is no answer to my question. What the Court wishes to know is, whether you have been *arrested?*

Prisoner. I have nothing to conceal, and hence I answer in the affirmative.

Justice. Oh, you do, eh? When was it?

Prisoner. Last year.

Justice. For what?

Prisoner. For being in the way, I suppose. The 599th Regiment was coming up Broadway, and the crowd was so great that my *course was arrested for half an hour.*

Lawyer. Will you never understand? His honor wishes you to state whether you have ever been *taken up?*

Prisoner. Oh, yes! Last winter, Uncle Joshua *took me up to the Central Park* to see the skating.

Justice. Were you ever in a *station-house?*

Prisoner. Yes, sir; I have been in most all the *station-houses on the Camden and Amboy Railroad.*

Lawyer. In one word, have you ever *been in the Tombs?*

Prisoner. Wall, I can't say I've been exactly *in* 'em; but I've been pretty well among 'em. Aunt Jerusha and me *was to Greenwood* nearly all day, a week ago.

Justice. Well, you can go again; and I hope you and your aunt may have a good time together.

Prisoner. Thank'ee, Judge; that's right. Good-by.

EXERCISE CLXI.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The following is an amusing parody upon Clement Moore's unequaled "Night *before* Christmas."

1. 'Twas the night after Christmas, when, all through the house,
Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse;
The stockings, so lately St. Nicholas' care,
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.
The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,
With very full stomachs, and pains in their heads.

2. I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the nursery arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying,—"What is the matter?"
I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze—
Tore open the curtains, and threw off the clothes;
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below;
For what to the fond father's eyes should appear
But the little pale face of each sick little dear!
For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,
I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.

3. Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name,—
Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding, of course,
And Custards, and Crullers, and Cranberry sauce;
Before outraged nature, all went to the wall,
Yes—Lollypops, Flapdoddle, Dinner, and all;
Like pellets which urchins from pop-guns let fly,
Went figs, nuts, and raisins, jam, jelly, and pie,
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of Mamma and Santa Claus too.

4. I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped back,
And brought out a vial marked, "Pulv. Ipecac,"
When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked her—
"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor?"
I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof.
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the doctor came into the room with a bound.
He inspected their tongues in despite of their teeth,
And, drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of each pulse, saying,—"Each little chick
Must get rid of the stuff that has made him so sick."

5. I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself;
But a wink of his eye, when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe, but went straightway to work
And dosed all the rest,—gave his trowsers a jerk,
And, adding directions, while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat,—from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if spurred by a thistle;
But the doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight,
"They'll be well by to-morrow—good-night, Jones, good-night!"

EXERCISE CLXII.

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.—JULY 4TH, 1776.

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State-House bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instruction of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the little young patriot rushed out, and, clapping his hands, shouted,—"*Ring!* RING! RING!"

1. THERE was a tumult in the city,*
In the quaint old Quaker's town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

2. As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

3. "Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"

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* Philadelphia.

"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

4. So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled,—
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot-blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

5. See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands up-lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

6. Hushed the people' swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"*Ring!*" he shouts; "RING! *Grandpa*,
(°°) RING! OH, RING FOR LIBERTY!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron-music through the land.

7. How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!

How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And, from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

8. That old State-House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clam'rous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living,—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "INDEPENDENCE;"
Which, please God, *shall never die!*

EXERCISE CLXIII.

SECESSION.

WEBSTER.

1. THE honorable member declares that he shall now march off, under the banner of *State rights!* March off from *whom?* March off from *what?* We have been contending for great principles. We have been struggling to maintain the liberty and to restore the prosperity of the country. We have made these struggles here, in the national councils, with the old flag, the true American flag, the Eagle, and the Stars and Stripes waving over the chamber in which we sit. He now tells us, however, that he marches off under the State-rights' banner!

2. Let him go. *I remain.* I am, where I ever *have* been, and ever *mean* to be. Here, standing on the platform of the general Constitution,—a platform broad enough, and firm enough, to uphold every interest of the whole country,—I shall *still* be found. Intrusted with some part in the administration of that Constitution, I intend to act in its spirit, and in the spirit of

those who framed it. I would act as if our *fathers*, who formed it for us, and who bequeathed it to us, were looking on me; as if I could see their venerable forms bending down to behold us from the abodes above! I would act, too, as if the *eye of posterity* was gazing on me.

3. Standing thus, as in the full gaze of our ancestors and our posterity, having received this inheritance from the former to be transmitted to the latter, and feeling that, if I am born for any good, in my day and generation, it is for *the good of the whole country;* no local policy, no local feeling, no temporary impulse, shall induce *me* to yield my foothold on the Constitution and the Union. I move off under no banner not known to *the whole American people*, and to their constitution and laws. No, sir! these walls, these columns

"Shall fly
From their firm base, as soon as I."

EXERCISE CLXIV.

A PATRIOTIC APPEAL.

D. S. Dickinson.

1. The rights of person, and every right we hold most dear, are involved in this issue. You can never divide this nation peaceably. You can never find a stopping-place, when once you have rewarded treason, by permitting it to succeed. Owls will hoot from your dwellings; foxes look out of the windows of your churches; ruin, darkness, and desolation will brood over you. Such assemblies as this will be prevented by hostile troops, under the anarchy which will ride rough-shod over you.

2. Where are the great spirits,—the Clays, the Websters, the Bentons of the nation? They have been wafted away like the prophets of old. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and horsemen thereof!" Would to Heaven that we had the voice of a Clay, of a Webster, to cheer us on now! How they would drive Secession to its hiding-place. Henry Clay would

make it cower and tremble like a deer at the wolf's howl. And the majestic Webster—what dark clouds would rest upon his portentous brow! And the logical and the statistical Benton, who always stood up for the Union, with his sarcasm and logic, would make it wither like mown grass. (*pl.*) They are gone. They rest from their labors. They saw our country's glory, but not her shame. Peace be to their ashes.

3. No; our Ship of State, although she has been arrested in her successful course, let us all rally around her, not inquiring who is in command, whether it be Lincoln or Jackson, Republican or Democrat, who are the crew; but, seeing it is *our* ship, under our flag, preserve it, whether it be called by the one or the other empty name. Let us rally around her, let us go on board, let her be manned, weigh anchor, hoist all sail, cut her loose, let her steer into the broad ocean, to cruise on in this great errand of mercy—the freedom of mankind—carrying the Stars and Stripes to every sea under heaven—carrying peace and good-will to all men. Let her

> "Sail on into the seas, O ship,
> Through wind and waves right onward steer."

4. Oh, my fellow-citizens, let us all devote ourselves to the service of our country! Every one can do something in his sphere. For myself, I am enlisted for this great war—rage how it may—terminate how it will. Give me poverty, stripes, and chains,—give me shame, give me destitution, give me want, give me abject misery and distress, give me bereavement, let my heart be wrung by every emotion that can agonize and torture man, make me a wanderer in the earth, and give me an ignoble death, rather than permit my country to perish. Sooner than that should be done, in the language of Emmet, I would raze every house, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of Liberty shall be my grave. No, my fellow-citizens; let our watchword be,—our country, our beloved country! And I will exclaim with you, "*Oh, my country, may God protect her from evil!*"

EXERCISE CLXV.

DON'T "GO IT ALONE."—A TRAVESTY.

ANON.

1. THERE's a poem by Saxe, very witty, I own,
The subject of which is—"*Go it Alone*,"
And the wisdom of which I am slow to deride,
For I read it with pleasure and profit beside,
And said to myself, it is just as you sing,
Self-reliance, dear bard, is a glorious thing.

2. And never on *others* life's burdens I'll cast,
But will bear them heroic and brave to the last;
And further, I moved, it is noble and grand,
When the storm beats about us, *unaided to stand;*
As 'tis lovely the blessings of sunshine to share,
And shelter the weak with protection and care.

3. But I own that my heart has grown fainter of late,
For my dear Mr. Saxe, *I've been trying to skate;*
I started forth bravely the ordeal to meet—
In my *head* were your *verses*, and *skates* on my *feet.*
But the rhyming so smooth, and the logic so nice,
Had a different *look* when viewed from the *ice.*

4. The *stand-point was changed*, if stand-point it be,
To go pitching about like a vessel at sea,
And to find, half the time, for your struggles and pains,
That your *heels* are at least as high as your *brains:*
"*Alone!*" I exclaimed, "*Oh! I never can go it,*
And this is what comes of trusting a poet."

5. No, no, Mr. Saxe, you may talk as you please;
Galileo, and Kepler, and worthies like these,
All grandly heroic, defying the Fates,
Could never have *gone it alone* upon skates.
(Of course, I allude to the neophyte sage,
No respecter of persons, of youth, or of age.)

6. For there matrons and maidens, with cheeks all aglow,
As roses would look peeping out from the snow;
There seigneurs most potent, and followers of Mars,
And cupids with trowsers, and men with cigars,
Were striving to skate, and by each it was shown,
That in *learning* this art you *can't* "go it alone."

MORAL.

7. Now if, ladies, you'll pardon some *feeling* advice,
Don't refuse *willing hands* and *warm hearts*—on the ice—
Nor *anywhere else;* for I say, and I know it,
In spite of the rhymes of the Green Mountain poet,
That you'll *need* in this world of sunshine and storm,
An *arm that is strong, and a heart that is warm.*

EXERCISE CLXVI.

VIRTUE OF GREAT PRINCIPLES.

BYRON.

1. WE will not strike for *private* wrongs alone:
Such are for selfish passions and rash men,
But are unworthy a tyrannicide.
We must forget all feelings save the *one;*
We must resign all passions save our *purpose;*
We must behold no object save our *country*,—
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to Heaven,
And draw down *freedom* on her evermore.

2. "But, if we fail?" They *never* fail who die
In a great cause! The block may soak their gore;
Their *heads* may sodden in the sun; their *limbs*
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;

But still their *spirit* walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to *freedom!*

EXERCISE CLXVII

GARRICK AND THE TAILOR.

Tailor. Sir, I your most *in-de-fat-abigail* humble servant. I shall be *wastly* happy and *wery* proud of the *hopportunity* of being made a *hactor.*

Garrick. Pray, what part would you wish to have the *hopportunity of hacting?*

Tailor. Romo, sir; Romo. I should wish to *pre*form the part of *Romo;* for my wife says, as how I read Robin Crusoe so *wastly vell;* and as how I have so sweet a *woice,* that she's *wastly sure* and *wery sartin,* I should make a *monstracious moving lovyer.*

Garrick. Well, sir, are you perfect in the part of Romo, as you call it?

Tailor. Oh, yes, sir! I am *main sartin* I can go *thro' stitch* with it from the beginning to the end o'nt!

Garrick. Pray, sir, do you recollect a passage in that play where he describes a huge Colossus bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds, and sailing on the bosom of the air?

Tailor. Oh, yes, sir, *wastly vell!*

Garrick. Then, pray tell me, sir, when he was bestraddling those clouds, which way would you go, supposing his stride to have been about the size of a moderate sized rainbow,—I say, sir, which way would you go to work to measure him for a pair of pantaloons?

Tailor. Mercy on us! Here's a pretty job of journey-work! Make a pair of pants for a rainbow! Why, I don't believe two

tailors in London ever *did* such a thing in their lives. And I'm sure I could as soon make a pair for the man in the moon.

Garrick. Then, sir, how came you to think of undertaking *my* business, when you are not master of your *own?*

Tailor. Oh, sir! I only *vonted*——

Garrick. You only *vonted!* Pray, sir, tell me did'st thou ever behold Macbeth, with boisterous rage, bully the ghost of Banquo off the stage?

Tailor. No, sir.

Garrick. You shall behold it *now*, then.

(") "*Avaunt*, and quit my sight! thy shears are edgeless,
And thy goose is cold,—thou hast no thread,
Nor needles in those paws that thou dost stitch withal;
What manager dare, *I* dare—approach thou like the
Grim and greasy lamplighter, or armed chimney-sweeper,
With brush and soot-bag,—take any form but that,
And my rich wardrobe shall yet escape cabbaging;
Or dare me to thy shop-board with thy shears;
If, trembling, I inhibit, then protest me,
The botch of a button-hole. (°°) *Hence*, horrible tailor, HENCE!"

EXERCISE CLXVIII.

THE PUBLIC GRINDSTONE.

GEN. RILEY.

1. THE public grindstone is a great institution, sir,—yes, sir, *a great institution*—one of the greatest, perhaps, that ever rose, reigned, or fell. But, sir, there is too much *private cutlery* ground. The thing won't pay. Occasionally a big ax is brought in to be fixed up, ostensibly for the purpose of hewing down the gnarled trunks of error, and clearing out the brushwood of ignorance and folly that obstruct the public highway of progress. The machine whirls; the ax is applied. The lookers-on are enchanted with the brilliant sparks elicited. The tool is polished, keenly edged; and, while the public stare in gaping expectancy of seeing the road cleared, the implement is slyly taken off to improve the private acres of some "*faithful friend of the people.*"

2. What is the result? The obstructions remain unmoved. The people scold because the car lags,—or, if it *does* move, 'tis at the expense of a broken wheel and jaded and sore-backed team. I tell you, the thing won't *pay*. The time will come when the *nasal promontories* of these disinterested grinders will be put to the stone, instead of their hardware. I am really afraid that the machine is a-going to stop. The grease is giving out amazing fast. It is beginning to creak on its axis. Gentlemen, it is my *private opinion*, confidentially expressed, that all the "grit" is pretty near worn off.

3. Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me for my latitudinosity and circumlocutoriness. My old blunderbuss scatters amazingly; but, if anybody gets peppered, it ain't my fault if they are in the way. Sir, these candadical, mahogany-faced gentry—what do they know about the blessings of freedom? About as much, sir, as a toad-frog does of high glory. Do they think they can escape me? I'll follow them through pandemonium and high water!

4. These are the ones that have got our liberty-pole off its perpendicularity. 'Tis *they* who would rend the Stars and Stripes—that noble flag, the blood of our revolutionary fathers embalmed in its red; the purity of the cause for which they died, denoted by the white; the blue—the freedom they attained, like the azure air that wraps their native hills, and lingers on their lovely plains.

5. The high Bird of Liberty sits perched on the topmost branch; but there is no *secession salt* on his glorious tail. I fear he will no more spread his noble pinions to soar beyond the azure regions of the boreal pole. But let not Missouri pull the last feather from his sheltering wing, to plume a shaft to pierce his noble breast; or, what is the same, make a pen to sign a secession ordinance. Alas! poor bird! if they drive you from the branches of the hemlock of the North, and the palmetto of the South, come over to the gum-tree of the West, and we will protect your noble birdship while water grows and grass runs! Mr. Speaker, I will *subside* for the present.

EXERCISE CLXIX.

THE BOY'S REPARTEE.

C. W. S.

1. One day, as round the fireside sat
A group of children in merry chat,
The wind it blew,
And down the flue
A brickbat tumbled, as if in hate,
And hit the youngest on the pate.

2. He rubs his head, and loudly cries;
The mother quickly to him hies;
She soothes the pain,
When, soon again,
He's with the happy group at play,
As cheerful, blithe, and brisk as they.

3. But the mother feared the sad mishap
Had proved injurious to this chap;
For the darling boy,
Her pride and joy,
Would laugh at simple, foolish things,
And try to fly, like birds with wings.

4. In short, he'd mimic every creature,
And not distort a single feature;
He'd crow like a cock,
Or quack like a duck,
And growl and bark like a surly dog,
Or leap and croak like a monstrous frog.

5. One day, some people came to see
This wonderful little prodigy:

They stood and gazed,
And looked amazed,
To see his many curious pranks,
And then bestowed their willing thanks.

6. The mother began, in all due season,
T' assign the cause, and give the reason
Why he was frantic,
Foolish and antic;
But the boy exclaimed, in quick repartee,
"*I guess the brickbat hit the whole family!*"

EXERCISE CLXX.

MODERN POETRY.

1. How very absurd is half the stuff
Called "*Poetry*," now-a-days!
The "Stanzas," and "Epics," and "Odes," are enough
To put every lover of rhyme in a huff,
And disgust the old hens with their "*lays*."

2. One sighs for "wings to soar o'er the sea,"
"To bask in some distant clime,"
Without ever thinking how "*sore*" he'd be,
After flying away on such a spree,
With nothing to eat, the meantime.

3. Another insists on being a "bird,"
To "fly to his lady-love's bower,"
When he knows that the "lady" to whom he referred,
Don't *own* such a thing; for, (upon my word,)
In a "yaller" brick house, up in story the third,
She's living this very hour!

4. One asks but "a cave in some forest dell,
Away from the cold world's strife."
Now, the woods in *fine weather* are all very well,
But give him a six weeks' "rainy spell,"
And he'll soon "cave in" in his forest cell,
And be sick enough of the life.

5. Another one wants his "love to go
And roam o'er the dark blue sea;"
Perhaps he don't think, if there "comes on a blow,"
That they'd both be sea-sick down below,
And a *wretched* pair they'd be.

6. Another young man would like to die
"When the roses bloom in spring."
Just let him get sick, and he'll *change* his cry;
His "passing away" is "all in my eye;"
Of "dreamless sleeps" he gets quite shy;
It isn't exactly the thing.

7. One "loves"—*how* he loves!—"the glittering foam
And the mad waves' angry strife."
Just take the young genius who wrote the "*pome*,"
Where the "billows dash and the sea-birds roam,"
And he'd give all he had to be safely *at home*,
He'd *stay* there the rest of his life.

8. Another young "heart-broken" calls on his "own
To cheer him with one sweet smile;"
Then he follows it up in a love-sick tone,
With his "bosom pangs;"—(if the truth was known,)
It isn't the "*love*" that causes his moan,
But a superabundance of "*bile*."

EXERCISE CLXXI.

THE BOMBASTIC ACTOR.

PHIL. DOESTICKS.

1. WHEN that *great actor* first came upon the stage, I must confess that I was *awed* by the terrific, yet serene *majesty* of his appearance. When I saw the tragic, codfishy expression of his eyes, I was *surprised;* when I observed the flexibility of his capacious mouth, opening and shutting like a dying mudsucker, I was *amazed.* When my eyes turned to his fingers, which worked and clutched as if feeling for coppers in a dark closet, I was *wonder-stricken;* but when my attention was called to the *magnitude of his legs,* I was fairly *electrified* with admiration, and could hardly forbear asking if those *calves* were capable of locomotion.

2. The admiring audience, who had kicked up a perfect young earthquake when he came on, only ceased when he squared himself, put out his arm, and prepared to speak. That *voice!* Oh, that *voice!* It went through gradations that *human voice* never before attempted, imitating by turns the horn of the pedestrian fish-monger, the shriek of the locomotive, the soft and gentle tones of a forty-horse power steam saw-mill, the loving accents of the scissor-grinder's wheel, the amorous tones of the charcoal man, the rumble of the omnibus, rising from the entrancing notes of the infuriated house-dog, to the terrific cry of the oyster-vender.

3. I was *much affected* when he made a *grand exit,* with three stamps, a hop, a run, and two long straddles,—talked grand about the thunder, and shook his fist at everybody, and shouted for them to "come one, and all," and then ran away for fear they *would!*

4. And, at the *death scene,* when he was shot, I was again *touched to the heart:* first, he wabbled about like a top-heavy liberty-pole in a high wind; then he stuck out one leg, and wiggled it, after the manner of a galvanic bull-frog; then sat

down on the floor, opened his eyes and looked around; then grappled an Indian on one side, clutched a soldier on the other, struggled to his feet, staggered about, made a rush forward, then a leap sideways, stiffened out like a frozen pig, collapsed like a wet dish-cloth, exerted himself till his face was the color of an underdone beefsteak, then sunk back into the arms of the Indian, whispered to let him down easy, rolled up the whites of his eyes, and, with a feeble grunt, gave up the ghost!

EXERCISE CLXXII.

1. LA′ VIN', an abbreviation of *laving*, which signifies a *washing; bathing.* 2. AM A ZO′ NI AN, large, masculine woman. 3. KE′ SAR, emperor. 4. BIL′ LINGS GATE, foul language; ribaldry. 5. FOIN′ ER, thruster; swordsman. 6. MAU′ GER, in spite of. 7. VI RA′ GO, masculine woman; vixen.

THE LAVIN'.[1]—A POEM.

O. J. WILSON.

I.

LORDS and ladies of creation, to a metrical oration,—
Funny epical narration,—your attention I implore;
Not a blood-and-thunder story, with a hero grim and gory,
And a highfaluten glory, heavy, dull,—in short, a bore,—
But an "ower-true tale" of "hair breadth 'scapes" and dangers haply o'er:
Past, I trust, forevermore.

II.

As I sat, one morning lonely, in my school-room, thinking only
Of the mighty, glorious oyster-soup, I'd had the night before,
Suddenly I heard a clatter, as of some one beating batter,
And my thoughts began to scatter, as I started for the door,—
As I hastened, half in anger, muttering, to my school-room door,
Muttering this, and something more:

III.

"That's some mother; now, I wonder if she's come to give me thunder,
For the flogging that I gave her "hopeful dear" the day before;
If it is, I'll speak her civil, though she rates me like a divil;
I've endured as grand an evil, and, perchance, as great a bore,
In my days of pedagoguing, I've endured full many a bore,
And expect to many more."

IV.

As my bodings thus concentred, open flew the door and entered
A two-fisted Amazonian,[2] in her socks some six feet four;
And the door-posts seemed to squeeze her, as with mien of king or kesar,[3]
Crossed my Rubicon this Cæsar, and came striding up the floor,
With her green eyes glaring at me as she strode the creaking floor,—
Sight forgotten nevermore!

V.

At her gaze my heart beat quicker; for I saw she was in liquor,
By her wild gesticulations and the Billingsgate[4] she swore:
Thought I, "vixen,"—quite uncourtly—"though you are enormous portly,
If you do not very shortly take yourself from out the door,
Take your fat and burly carcass past the threshold of yon door,
You will rue it evermore."

VI.

Then I told her in a flurry, she must be off in a hurry,
And I pointed, as I told her, to the open standing door;
Sternly then I frowned upon her, shook my fist like practiced foiner,[5]
When, upon my word of honor, down she sat upon the floor,
With her arms braced out beside her, sat she down upon the floor!—
Rose there then a wild uproar.

VII.

Every pupil, in a titter, stretched his neck to see the critter,—
See a sight to them uncommon—woman sitting on the floor,—
Woman sitting still and swearing, while her eyes were wildly glaring,
And in stentor tones declaring, if I got her out of door,
I should have to take her in my arms and lug her out of door;
This she told me o'er and o'er.

VIII.

First, I hushed the wild confusion, caused by this unique intrusion,
And a single word sufficing perfect quiet to restore;
For a moment, I reflected: "She's a woman, loved, respected,
By some heart with her's connected, that may grieve in sorrow sore,
For this lorn and fallen being, whom my vengeance hovers o'er,—
Loved, though fallen, evermore.

IX.

"Can I rudely treat a woman? It will be an act inhuman,—
One which I, through all the future, shall with deep remorse deplore;
O'er the outrage will grow witty News Reporters of the city,"—
Here she swore again, and pity fled my heart, grown soft before:
Mauger[6] sex and gallant promptings, thought I, she shall out of door,
And return thence nevermore.

X.

Then I thought, "My arch virago,[7] with your craft, *à la Iago*,*
I will try a simple stratagem, I ne'er have tried before;
And if I am not mistaken, you will have your courage shaken,

---

* Like Iago, or Iago-like.

And will take away your bacon, from that place upon the floor,—
From your comic situation, sprawling on my school-room floor,—
And you'll sit there nevermore."

XI.

There's a maxim worth possession, and 'tis this: "a sound discretion
Is the better part of valor, when there's danger hovering o'er;"
So I seized a pail of water, and resolved I'd duck this daughter,
And I didn't do nothing shorter, as she sat upon the floor;
For I dashed the liquid round her in a deluge on the floor,—
And, my conscience, how she swore!

XII.

For a moment, gasping, choking, while the moisture in was soaking,
Sat she still in wild amazement, fixed like statue to the floor;
But right short her hesitation, for I smiled in exultation,
When, *without an explanation*, broke she for the open door;
Never looking once behind her, quickly bounced she out of door;
And I saw her nevermore.

EXERCISE CLXXIII.

COMPLAINING.

NEAL.

The writer thus admirably takes off that class of people who are never so happy as when they are making themselves and others miserable.

Valiant. How are you, Mr. Trepid? How do you feel, to-day?

Trepid. A great deal worse than I was, thank'e; most dead, I'm obliged to you. I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, any how, I'm not going to be any better; and, for the future, you may always

know I'm worse, without asking any questions; for the *questions* make me worse, if nothing else does.

Valiant. Why, Mr. Trepid, what's the matter with *you?*

Trepid. Nothing, I tell you, in *particular*, but a great deal in *general;* and that's the danger, because we don't know what it *is.* That's what kills people, when they can't tell what it *is!* that's what's killing *me!* My great-grandfather died of it, and so will *I.* The doctors don't know; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough, when I'm ill enough, and so there's no help. I'm going off, one of these days, right after my grandfather, dying of nothing in *particular*, but of every thing in *general.* That's what finishes our folks!

EXERCISE CLXXIV.

AN ORATION ON THE CRISIS.

"Or any other man."

1. Ahum-m-m! Feller-citizens,—I have been called upon, this evenin', to appear before you; that is, I have been requested to appear upon the scaffold, this evenin', for the purpose of elucidatin' to you the all-absorbin' subjic which am now agitatin' the —the—certainly I have. Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjic.

2. As I was about to remark previously, beforehand, what's our country comin' to? That's what *I'd* like to know myself. Look at the great congregated circumflex of this glorious Union; just look at it! Does any body *see* it? Certainly, *that what's the matter.* Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjic.

3. Look at our great American eagle, the glorious emblem of our liberty! Just look at *me!* What are you going to do with that ere bird? Look at 'im as he flies from the cloud-clapped summick of the Licherdee mountains to the terrific abyss of the Goshwallican avenue, an' flutters his tail-feathers, and says, in

the sweet language of Pharaoh, in his epistle to the Egyptians, "Root, hog, or die." *That's what's the matter.* Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjic.

4. Look at our—look at our—look at our—that's what *I'd* like to know. Look at our newspapers; just look at 'em! Can't pick up one without reading something in it—*that's what's the matter.* What did I see in a paper this morning? What did I see there? Provisions hes riz. What's the consequences? Coffee and molasses had a fight. And what's the consequences agin? Molasses got licked, and coffee had to settle down on its own grounds. *That's what's the matter*—or any other man. Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjic.

5. Look at our soldiers; just look at 'em! Does any body see 'em? Do they not march forth to battle, and—and get shot in the neck? Certainly they do; *that's just what's the matter.* Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjic.

6. Look at our sailors; look at 'em. Do they not—do they *not?* Certainly they do. Do they not sail out into the briny ocean, where the devourin' elephants open their jaws for 'em, and—and lay down in their warm hammocks and sleep? Certainly they do—or any other man. Ahum-m-m!

7. Look at our firemen; ah! those boys, just look at 'em! Do they not, at the dead hour of night, when the clock proclaims the hour of midnight, and when the barometer is forty-seven degrees below Cicero, do they not rush forth to the scene of conflagration, and—and get into a row? Certainly they do; and *that's just what's the matter with me*—or any other man. But to return to our subjic.

8. Now, what does this great and glorious Constitooshun of this United Confederation of Pennsyltucky say? What does it say? Does not our Constitooshun *say?* Certainly it does. That's *just* what it says. What did Patrick Henry Jackson say? Did he not say that each and every one should stand upon his own ground? and did he not lay his hand upon his heart and say, with a clear conscience, that he was a paper doll, with a glass eye? Certainly he did—or any other man.

EXERCISE CLXXV.

THE BELLS. — A PARODY.

J. E. FROBISHER.

1. HEAR the taverns with their bells,—
Morning bells!
What a thundering sound of bells!
How they twang-ee-tee-bang!
Tee-bang! tee-bang!
Up the stairs and halls around,
Twang-ee-tee-bang, tee-bang!
What a bustling, hurrying sound!
Now the boarders cease from snoring,
Now the meadow-lark is soaring;
But the bells are clanging, whanging,
Clang-ee-tee-bang, tee-bang, tee-bang!
Oh, such ringing of the bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells!

2. Now hear the banging *breakfast bells!*
Second bells!
Hear the distant sound of dishes,
Rattling knives and forks!
Don't you smell those ancient fishes,
Rare beefsteak, and well-fried pork?
Here's the tune you've sung,
As you leaped from bed to floor,—
"I wish that I had risen before
The second bells had rung!"
Now you hear the chairs a-moving,
And you see the young and loving
Seated ere you're ready.
Now some one taps upon your door—
"*Breakfast!*" "YES, SIR!" you loudly roar;

But oh! those bells that tell of viands
Smoking;
You fret,—you do,—with rage you're
Choking:
The sounds die faintly, still you hear
Their notes yet lingering in your ear.

3. Do you hear the *dinner-bells?*
Delightful bells!
Of boiled and roasted meat their ringing tells:
Now the merchant drops his pen,
The nabob leaves his pleasure-grounds;
They hear the sound once more, and then
All rush to dinner like hungry hounds.
Oh, never mind the noise and hustling,—
Do all you can to help the bustling!
Rush to head of table,
Keep your seat, if able,
Scrouge your neighbor, fill your plate,
Cram things down at railroad rate;—
Eat all you can,—it's in the bill,—
You can settle it,—eat to kill!
Thus it is, each day, we're sinning
To the tune of bells quick ringing,—
With the dinging, donging, banging, whanging,
To the singing, and the ringing, and the clanging
Of the bells!

4. But there's another sound of bells—
Supper bells!
We're not so anxious as at noon,
We're not at table quite so soon;
The crowd is small,
The noise not near so great;
The fragrant dining-hall
Is now a pleasant place to meet:—

When they came to dinner rushing,
One would think an army crushing
Enemies beneath its feet;
But *now*, to milder ringing bells,
Each one silent takes his seat.
Thus, by various kinds of bells,
We eat and live, and live and eat,
To the sound of clanging bells,—
To the ringing and the dinging of a host of bells,
Bells, bells!

EXERCISE CLXXVI.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

1. "*Keep to the right*," as the law directs,
For such is the law of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.

2. *Keep to the right* with God and the world,
Nor wander, though folly allures;
Keep to the right, nor ever be hurled
From what, by the statute, is yours.

3. *Keep to the right*, within, without,—
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;
Keep to the right, nor harbor a doubt
That all will be well in the end.

4. *Keep to the right*, whatever you do,
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right, and stick to the true,
From morn till the close of the day.

EXERCISE CLXXVII.

1. DÉ' BUT, (*dā'bu,*) entrance upon the stage of life. 2. E CLAT, (*ā clä',*) striking effect. 3. RE CHER' CHÉ, (*re shêr' shā,*) finished; rare. 4. RE'-TE NUE, (*ra' te nu,*) reserve; dignity. 5. A BAN' DON, (*a bän' dong,*) self-possession.

LEAVING SCHOOL.

MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

[ISABELLA, CLARA, and GERALDINE.]

Isabella. Home! home! Done school forever! Delightful! *Isn't* it, girls, *perfectly delightful* to be free as air? I will not carry home these hateful hum-drum books. Hedge's Logic!—a hedge of thorns! (*throwing it across the room.*) Brown's Philosophy, you take up too much room. Cruel Colburn's Sequel, how many bitter tears have you cost me! I hope never to see *your* ugly faces again.

Clara. But, Isabella, are you going to give up study *entirely?* What will you do with yourself when you get home?

Isabella. Make the most of my little self,—create a sensation, make a dashing *début.*[1] You know I am eighteen, and I am *coming out* as soon as I get home. Clara Wilton, that *reproving look* doesn't become you, dear! You have toiled and moiled for the gold medal, and have gained it. What good will it do you? Perhaps you intend to wear it on all occasions, suspended by its yard of blue ribbon around your neck, as the Indians do the great silver medals given them by their kind father the President.

Clara. Isabella, I value a good education for its *own* sake. The medal may testify to my parents that I have appreciated the advantages they have generously bestowed. I shall give it to my mother.

Isabella. Well, my parents don't care a fig about all those sober studies that Goody Blue has bored us with; they know it gives one a sort of *reputation* to be educated by Mrs. Z., so here I've been these four years. They expect me to *come out* with

éclat,[2] and I mean to produce a wonderful sensation. I believe I shall throw the rest of these books overboard to-day, on my way to New York, just out of spite for the trouble they have given me.

Geraldine. I shall be half inclined to join you; for I do not know what good they will ever do *me.* What *use* shall I ever make of the mathematics and philosophy?

Clara. You will not find them useless; you may be disposed to resume them by yourself, after you have been home awhile.

Geraldine. I doubt it. I am going to Europe with my father and mother, to finish *my* education. We shall reside a year or two in Paris, and I shall come home *perfectly French.*

Clara. Perfectly French, to reside in this country, and be a good, useful, *American* woman!

Geraldine (*laughing*). "A gŏod, ŭseful, Ămĕrican wŏman!" How that sounds to "ears polite;" absolutely vulgar! I seek for something more *recherché*,[3] more elegant than that. I go abroad to obtain that *retenue*,[4] that *abandon*[5] of manner, that can not be obtained in this half-civilized land.

Isabella. And to be laughed at for your *abandong*, as you call it, which will sound very droll to French "ears polite."

Geraldine. There is another object in going to Paris,—to acquire a true Parisian accent. I shall not venture to speak in foreign society until I have had a master some months. When I return, two years hence, you shall have no occasion to laugh at my French.

Isabella. The French are so ridiculous, they are enough to make a milestone laugh. What are *you* going to do, Clara?

Clara. I expect to continue my studies, that I may more perfectly understand them. I hope to be useful to my mother, who has kindly promised to teach me domestic economy; so long as life lasts, there will be knowledge to which I have not attained, virtues to be perfected, and good to be done; "vulgar" as it sounds, my highest aim is to be a *good, thorough-going American woman.*

Isabella. Spoken like our old country school-mistress herself! Pity you could not have mounted her high cap and green spectacles for the occasion. Really, she never made a better *preachment* in her life.

Clara. Well, girls, be merry, if you will, at my sober notions; but let us part kindly: we may never meet again.

Geraldine. You will both write to me, girls.

Clara. I will, with pleasure, if you let me know your father's foreign address before you sail.

Isabella. I doubt if I shall have time to write to either of you. I have formed a thousand plans for the next winter. I am still to have a music-master, and must practice at least three hours a day, or I shall never rival the Hamiltons and the Moores, who, papa writes me, play so exquisitely that all the world are in love with them.—Here comes an Atlas in the midst of my music-books, like a clown in genteel society;—stay where you are, I am not going to take you to town with your betters. Shall I put up my French Testament? No; I'll make you a present of it, Clara, and one of these days you may give it, with my compliments, to —— you know who,—that ministerial personage who often glides before your imagination.

Clara. That personage is all in your imagination, Isabella; but I thank you for the gift, and, if I ever have an opportunity, shall present it, with your compliments, if you will promise to officiate as bride's-maid on *that* occasion.

Isabella. Delightful! I'll come, unless I am led to the hymeneal *halter* before you.

Geraldine. Invite me, too, Clara; I shall, perhaps, have first returned from Europe.

Clara. And will then be, I fear, a little too much French.

Geraldine (*coldly*). It is possible.

Isabella. Write to me, Clara, now and then, from your hermitage, and tell me how you endure it; but don't bore me with too much grave advice.

Clara. I will write to you both (*holding out her hand kindly to Geraldine;*) forgive me for seeming to reject your kindness.

I thought some whiskerandoed Frenchman might claim you for his bride, long before the time to which you alluded.

Geraldine. You are forgiven. I know how dearly you love your own country; that is *your* prejudice; *mine* is the other way; I would give half my expectations to have been born in France.

Isabella. And I would rather have been born in New York than in any other place on the wide earth.

Clara. And I am only proud of being an American. The United States is the *home* for me. Hark! There goes Mrs. Z.'s bell,—the last time we shall hear it. Who would have thought that any *possible* association could have made that shrill tingling bell interesting! The last time,—the last time,—it makes any soul mournful!

EXERCISE CLXXVIII

MAJESTY OF GOD.

BIBLE.

1. WHEN Israel went out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from a people of a strange language;

2. Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion.

3. The sea saw it and fled: Jordan was driven back.

4. The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs!

5. What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

6. Ye mountains that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills like lambs?

7. (*sl.*) Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob;

8. Which turned the rock into a standing water, and the flint into a fountain of waters.

EXERCISE CLXXIX.

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD.

BIBLE.

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever.

EXERCISE CLXXX.

THE MERRY HEART.

ILLINOIS TEACHER.

1. 'TIS well to have a merry heart,
   However short we stay;
   There's *wisdom* in a merry heart,
   Whate'er the world may say.
   Philosophy may lift its head,
   And find out many a flaw;
   But give *me* the philosopher
   That's happy with a *straw!*

2. If life brings us but happiness,
   It brings us, we are told,
   What's hard to *buy*, though rich ones try
   With all their heaps of gold:

Then *laugh* away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most, may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth.

3. There's beauty in a merry heart,
A *moral* beauty too;
It shows the heart's an honest heart,
That's paid each man his due,
And lent a share of what's to spare,
Despite of wisdom's fears,
And made the cheek less sorrow speak,
The eye weep fewer tears.

4. The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
The tempest wrath begin,
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
Its sunlight is *within.*
Then *laugh* away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most, may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth.

EXERCISE CLXXXI.

IS IT ANY BODY'S BUSINESS?

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

1. Is it any body's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning *all* may know,—
Is it any body's business
If a lady has a beau?

2. If a person's on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it any body's business
Where that person means to call?
Or, if you see a person
As he is calling anywhere,
Is it any of *your* business
What *his* business may be there?

3. The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:—
Is it *any body's* business
What *another's* business is?
If it *is*, or if it *isn't*,
We would really like to know,
For, we're *certain*, if it *isn't*,
There are *some* who *make* it so.

4. If it *is*, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
But if *not*, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns,
It were better in the future
To MIND HIS OWN CONCERNS.

EXERCISE CLXXXII.

THE GHOST.

1. 'Tis about twenty years since Abel Law,
A short, round-favored, merry
Old soldier of the Revolutionary
War,

Was wedded to
A most abominable shrew.
The temper, sir, of Shakspeare's Catherine
Could no more be compared with hers,
Than mine
With Lucifer's.

2. Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh
Face, like a cranberry marsh,
All spread
With spots of white and red;
Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
And a *disposition* like a *cross-cut saw.*
The appellation of this lovely dame
Was Nancy; don't forget the name.

3. Her brother David was a tall,
Good-looking chap, and that was all;
One of your *great, big nothings*, as we say
Here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes
And cracking them on other folks.
Well, David undertook one night to play
The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
He knew,
Would be returning from a journey through
A grove of forest wood
That stood
Below
The house some distance,—half a mile, or so.

4. With a long taper
Cap of white paper,
Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn-basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet
Across his breast,
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed,)

He took
His station near
A huge oak-tree,
Whence he could overlook
The road, and see
Whatever might appear.

5. It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
Had left the table
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
With horse and wagon,
To taste a flagon
Of malt
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,
He went on,
Caring no more for twenty ghosts,
Than if they were so many posts.

6. David was nearly tired of waiting;
His patience was abating;
At length, he heard the careless tones
Of his kinsman's voice,
And then the noise
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
With all his might, and pouring
Out, in great confusion,
Scraps of old songs made in "the Revolution."

7. His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton;
And jovially he went on,
Scaring the whip-po-wils among the trees
With rhymes like these:—[*Sings.*]

"See the Yankees
Leave the hill,
With baggernetts declining,
With lopped-down hats
And rusty guns,
And leather aprons shining.

"See the Yankees—*Whoa!* Why, what is that?"
Said Abel, staring like a cat,
As, slowly, on the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.
"My conscience! what a suit of clothes!
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo! friend, what's your name? by the powers of gin,
That's a strange dress to travel in."
(sl) "Be silent, Abel; for I now have come
To read your doom;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit—" (") "I suppose you are;
But you'll not *hurt* me, and I'll tell you why:
Here is a fact which you can not deny;—
All spirits must be either good
Or bad,—that's understood,—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I'm secure.
If a *good* spirit, I am safe. If *evil*,—
And I don't know but you may be the *Devil*,—
If *that's* the case, you'll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!"

EXERCISE CLXXXIII.

GONE TO THE WAR.

1. My Charlie has gone to the war,—
My Charlie so brave and tall;
He left his plow in the furrow,
And flew at his country's call:
May God in safety keep him,
My precious boy—my all.

2. Wherever the fighting is fiercest,
I know that my boy will be,—
Wherever the need will be sorest
Of the stout arms of the free:
May he prove as true to his country
As he has been true to me!

3. My home is lonely without him,
My heart is bereft of joy,—
The thought of him who has left me,
My constant sad employ:
But God has been good to the mother,
And will He forsake her boy'?

EXERCISE CLXXXIV.

HOFER, THE TYROLESE PATRIOT, TO THE FRENCH COURT-MARTIAL.

1. You ask what I have to say in my defense,—*you*, who glory in the name of France,—who wander through the world to enrich and exalt the land of your birth,—*you* demand how I could dare to arm myself against the invaders of my native rocks? Do you confine the *love of home* to yourselves'? Do you punish in *others* the actions which you dignify and reward among *yourselves'?* Those stars which glitter on your breasts, do they hang there as a recompense for patient servitude'?

2. I see the smile of contempt which curls your lips. You say,—"This brute,—he is a ruffian, a beggar! That patched jacket, that ragged cap, that rusty belt—shall barbarians such as he, close the pass against us, shower rocks on our heads, and single out our leaders with unfailing aim',—these groveling mountaineers, who know not the joys and brilliance of life,

creeping amidst eternal snows, and snatching with greedy hand their stinted ear of corn'?

3. Yet, poor as we are, we never envied our neighbors their smiling sun, their gilded palaces; *we* never strayed from our peaceful huts to blast the happiness of those who had not injured us. The traveler who visited our valleys, met every hand outstretched to welcome him;—for him every hearth blazed; with delight we listened to his tale of distant lands. Too happy for ambition, we were not jealous of his wealth,—we have even refused to partake of it.

4. Frenchmen! you have wives and children: when you return to your beautiful cities, amidst the roar of trumpets, the smiles of the lovely, and the multitudes shouting with triumph, *they* will ask, where have you roamed? what have you achieved? what have you brought back to us? Those laughing babes who climb upon your knees,—will you have the heart to tell them, we have pierced the barren crags, we have entered the naked cottage to level it to the ground; we found no treasures, but honest hearts, and those we have broken, because they throbbed with *love* for the wilderness around them'? Clasp this old fire-lock in your little hands; it was snatched from a peasant of Tyrol, who died in the vain effort to stem our torrent! Seated by your firesides, will you boast to your generous and blooming wives, that you have extinguished the last ember which lightened our gloom'?

5. Happy scenes! (*pl.*) I shall never see you more! In those cold and stern eyes, I read my fate. Think not that your sentence can be terrible to *me!* but I have sons, daughters, and a wife who has shared all my labors;—she has shared, too, my little pleasures,—such pleasures as that humble roof can yield,—pleasures that *you* can not understand.

6. My little ones! should you live to bask in the sunshine of manhood, (you are sporting by the brook that washes our door,) dream not of your father's doom! Should you live to know it, know, too, that the man who has served his God and country with *all his heart*, can smile at the musket leveled to pierce it.

What is death to ME? I have not reveled in pleasures wrung from innocence or want; rough and discolored as are these hands, they are pure. My death is nothing. Oh, that my country could live! oh, that ten thousand such deaths could make her immortal!

7. Do I despair, then'? No; we have rushed to the sacrifice, and the offering has been vain for *us;* but our children shall burst these fetters; the blood of virtue was never shed in vain. *Freedom can never die!* I have heard that *you* killed your king once, because he *enslaved* you; yet now, again, you *crouch* before a single man, who bids you trample on all who abjure his yoke, and shoots you if you have courage to disobey. Do you think that, when I am buried, there shall breathe no *other* Hofers'? Dream you that, if, *to-day*, you prostrate Hofer in the dust, *to-morrow* Hofer is no more'?

8. In the distance, I see the *liberty* which I shall not taste;—behind, I look on my slaughtered countrymen, on my orphans, on my desolate fields; but a star rises before my aching sight, which points to justice, and it shall come. For a moment only shall I sleep. Before the sun has sunk below yon mountains, I shall awake in a paradise which *you*, perhaps, may never reach.

EXERCISE CLXXXV.

THE NOBLE SAILOR.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The occurrence here related, took place during a great fire which occurred in New York, December 16, 1835.

1. IT was a fearful night;
The strong flame fiercely sped
From street to street, from spire to spire,
And on their treasures fed.

2. Hark! 'tis a mother's cry,
   High o'er the tumult wild,
   As, rushing toward her flame-wrapped home,
   She shrieked,—"My child! my child!"

3. A wanderer from the sea—
   A stranger—marked her woe;
   And in his generous bosom woke
   The sympathetic glow.

4. (=) Swift up the burning stairs,
   With darting feet, he flew,
   While sable clouds of stifling smoke
   Concealed him from the view.

5. Fast fell the blazing beams
   Across his dangerous road,
   Till the fair chamber, where he groped,
   Like fiery oven glowed.

6. But what a pealing shout!
   When from the wreck he came,
   And in his arms a smiling babe,
   Still toying with the flame.

7. The mother's raptured tears
   Forth like a torrent sped!
   Yet, ere the throng could learn his name,
   That noble tar had fled.

8. Not for the praise of man
   Did he this deed of love;
   But on a bright, unfading page,
   'Tis registered above!

EXERCISE CLXXXVI.

GIVING AND LIVING.

1. Forever the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night:
To give is to live.

2. The flower shines not for itself at all;
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom—
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom:
To deny is to die.

3. The seas lend silvery rain to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean:
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And ever and ever we yield our breath,
Till the mirror is dry and images death:
To live is to give.

4. He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the life of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies:
To deny is to die.

5. Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave,
And your ships sail home with tons of treasure;
Care not for comfort, all hardship brave,
And evening and age shall sup with pleasure.
Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain,
And roses shall come to the cheek again:
To give is to live.

EXERCISE CLXXXVII.

1. SANS CÉRÉMONIE, without ceremony. 2. MANGÉ, eaten. 3. ÉCOUTES DONC AMI, hear me, then, friend. 4. REGARDEZ, mind. 5. EH BIEN, well.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

1. A FRENCHMAN once who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover in the night,
Near the road-side an ale-house chanced to spy;
And, being rather tired as well as dry,
Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
He enters: "Hallo! Garçon, if you please,
Bring me a leetle bread and cheese!
And hallo! Garçon, a pot of porter, too!" he said,
"Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."

2. His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept;
For, on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.

3. Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
Put on his cap and bade the world good-night;
But first the breeches which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.
Sans cérémonie[1] soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began;
At which they gorged themselves; then, smelling round,
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found;
And while at this they regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap;
Who, half awake, cries out,—"Hallo! hallo!
Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so?
Ah! 'tis one big huge rat!
Vat de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at?"

4. In vain our little hero sought repose;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose;
And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
That he, on end antipodes upright,
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
(*f.*) "Hallo! Maison! Garçon, I say!
Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay!"
The bill was brought, and, to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge: he scarce believes his eyes;
With eager haste he runs it o'er and o'er,
And every time he viewed it, thought it more.
"Vy, zounds and zounds!" he cries, "I sall no pay;
Vat! charge ten shelangs for vat I have mangé[2]?
Leetle sup of porter, dis vile bed,
Vare all de rats do run about my head[3]?

5. "Plague on those rats!" the landlord muttered out;
"I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout:
I'll pay him well that can." "Vat's dat you say?"
"I'll pay him well that can." "Attend to me, I pray:

Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
If from your house I drive away de rat?"
"With all my heart," the jolly host replies.
"Écoutez donc, ami;"[3] the Frenchman cries.
"First, den—regardez,[4] if you please,
Bring to dis spot a leetle bread and cheese;
Eh bien![5] a pot of porter, too;
And den invite de rats to sup vid you.
And after dat,—no matter dey be villing,—
For vat dey eat, you charge dem just *ten shelang!*
And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
Dey'll quit your house, and never come no more."

EXERCISE CLXXXVIII.

POPULAR APATHY.

WEBSTER.

1. WEALTH is the object of our idolatry, and even *liberty* is worshiped in the form of *property*. Although this spirit, by stimulating industry, is unquestionably excellent in *itself*, yet it is to be apprehended that, in a period of peace and tranquillity, it will become too *strong* for patriotism, and produce the greatest of national evils,—POPULAR APATHY.

2. We have been frequently told that the farmer should attend to his plow, and the mechanic to his handicraft, during the canvass for the presidency. *Sir*, a more *dangerous* doctrine could not be *inculcated*.

3. If there is a spectacle, from the contemplation of which I would shrink with *peculiar* horror, it would be that of the great mass of the American people sunk into a *profound apathy* on the subject of their highest political interests. *Such* a spectacle would be more *portentous* to the eye of intelligent patriotism, than all the fiery signs of the heavens to the eye of trembling superstition.

4. If the people could be *indifferent* to the fate of a contest for the presidency, they would be *unworthy of freedom.* If I were to perceive them sinking into this *apathy*, I would even apply the power of political galvanism, if such a power could be found, to raise them from their *fatal lethargy.*

5. Keep the people quiet! *Peace!—peace!* *Such* are the whispers by which the people are to be lulled to sleep in the very crisis of their highest concerns. Sir, "you make a *solitude*, and call it *peace.*" *Peace?* It is *death!* Take away all interest from the *people* in the election of their CHIEF RULER, and *liberty* is no more.

6. If the *people* do not elect the president, the mercenary intriguers and interested office-hunters of the country *will.* Make the people *indifferent*, and you throw a general *paralysis* over the body politic. Tell me *not*, sir, of popular violence. Show me a hundred political factionists,—men who look to the election of a president as the means of gratifying their high or their low ambition,—and I will show you the very materials for a mob, ready for any desperate adventure connected with their common fortunes.

7. There was a law at Athens which subjected all citizens to punishment who neglected to take sides in the political parties which divided the republic. It was founded in the deepest wisdom. The ambitious *few* will inevitably acquire the ascendancy in the conduct of public affairs, if the patriotic *many*, the *people*, are not stimulated and aroused to a common activity and effort.

8. Sir, no nation on *earth* has ever exerted so extensive an influence on human affairs as *this* will certainly exercise, if we preserve our glorious system of government in its purity. The liberty of this country is a sacred *depository*,—a vestal fire, which Providence has committed to us for the general benefit of mankind. It is the world's last hope. *Extinguish* it, and the earth will be covered with eternal darkness. But once put out *that* fire, and I know not where is the Promethean heat which can that light relume.

EXERCISE CLXXXIX.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

WHITTIER.

1. Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-trees fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished Rebel horde.

2. On that pleasant day of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town,
Forty flags with the silvery stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

3. Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that *one heart* was loyal yet.
Up the street came the Rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

4. Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast;

It shivered the window, pane, and sash,—
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatches the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
She shook it forth with a loyal will.

5. "Shoot, if you must, this gray old head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at Barbara's deed and word:
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

6. All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet,—
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the Rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

7. Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more;
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Frederick town.

EXERCISE CXC.

THE LOYAL MOTHER.

1. Away with all sighing! away with all tears!
   My boy shall behold, not my grief, but my pride;
   Can I taint his young manhood with womanish fears,
   When the flag of his country is scorned and defied?
   I will arm him, and bless him, and send him away,
   Though my heart break with grief, when he goes from my sight;
   I will bid him not falter nor blanch in the fray,
   But fight to the death for the Truth and the Right.
   I must teach my brave lad what it is to be true
   To the Red and the White, and the stars in the Blue.

2. 'Tis to love the mild rule of the land of his birth;
   To succor the weak in the thrall of the strong;
   To honor all manhood, to cherish all worth;
   To further the right, and to baffle the wrong.
   As the nations throng onward towards Liberty's light,
   From the gloom of misrule—'tis to march in the van;
   With God as the leader, and Justice and Right
   Perfecting His purpose—ennobling the man.
   'Tis a sign and a symbol: it is well to be true
   To a cause which is leagued with the Red, White, and Blue.

3. He's my all! he's my treasure! but take him, dear land,
   And add him, a jewel to Liberty's crown,—
   One hero the more to your patriot band,—
   The widow's last mite to the nation's renown.
   For I'll arm him, and bless him, and bid him go forth
   To take his proud stand in the front of the wars,
   And add his own blade to the swords of the North,
   Unsheathed for the triumph of Truth and the Laws,
   For his brave heart has learned what it means to be true
   To the Stripes and the Stars in the Union of blue.

EXERCISE CXCI.

BARTERING FOR A CANADIAN PONY.

D. G. MITCHELL.

Yankee. Mornin', Squire.

Squire. Good morning.

Yankee. Bin a lookin' at y'r hoss.

Squire. Ah!

Yankee. Middlin' lump of a hoss.

Squire. Yes; a nice horse.

Yankee. D'n know as you know it, but sich hosses a'n't so salable as they was a spell back.

Squire. Ah!

Yankee. They're gittin' a fancy for bigger hosses.

(*Silence.*)

Yankee. Put that pony to a heavy cart, and he wouldn't do nothin'.

Squire. You are mistaken; he's a capital cart-horse.

Yankee. Well, I don't say but what he'd be handy with a lightish load. Don't call him spavined, do ye?

Squire. No; perfectly sound.

Yankee. Don't kick, dooz he?

Squire. No.

Yankee. Them little Kanucks is apt to kick.

(*Silence, and an impatient movement, which the Squire works off by pulling out his watch.*)

Yankee. What time o' day's got to be?

Squire. Eleven.

Yankee. Eleven! I must be a goin';—should like to trade, Squire, but I guess we can't agree. I s'pose you'd be askin' as much as—sixty—or—seventy dollars for that are hoss; wouldn't ye?

Squire. A hundred dollars is the price, and I gave fifty more.

Yankee. Don't say! Gave a great deal too much, Squire.

Squire. Pat, you may put up the horse; I don't think the gentleman wants him.

Yankee. Look o' here, Squire; ef you was to say—something

—like—seventy, or—seventy-five dollars, now,—there might be some use in talkin'.

Squire. Not one bit of use, (*impatiently turning on his heel.*)

Yankee. Say, Squire,—ever had him to a plow?

Squire. Yes.

Yankee. Work well?

Squire. Perfectly well.

Yankee. Fractious any? Them Kanucks is contrary critters when they've a mind to be.

Squire. He is quite gentle.

Yankee. That's a good p'int; but them that's worked till they git quiet, kinder gits the spirit lost out on 'em—an't so brisk when you put 'em to a wagin. Don't you find it so, Squire?

Squire. Not at all.

Yankee. How old, Squire, did ye say he was? (*looking in his mouth.*)

Squire. Seven.

Yankee. Well—I guess he is; a good many figgers nigher that, than he is to tew, any way.

Squire. Patrick, you had better put this horse up.

Yankee. Hold on, Squire. (*And taking out his purse, he counts out—seventy—eighty—and a five—and two—and a fifty*) —there, Squire, 'taint worth talking about; I'll split the difference with ye, and take the hoss.

Squire. Patrick, put him up.

(*At which the customer is puzzled, hesitates, and the horse is entering the stable again, when he breaks out explosively*)—

Yankee. Well, Squire, here's your money; but you're the most oneasy man for a dicker that I ever traded with—I'll say that for ye.

(*And the horse is transferred to his new keeper.*)

Yankee. S'pose ye throw in the halter and blanket, Squire, don't ye?

Squire. Give him the halter and blanket, Patrick.

Yankee. And, Patrick, you 'ant nary old curry-comb you don't use, you could let me have?

Squire. Give him a curry-comb, Pat.

Yankee. Squire, you're a *clever* man. Got most through y'r hayin'?

Squire. Nearly.

Yankee. Well, I'm glad on't. Had kinder ketchin' weather up our way.

EXERCISE CXCII.

THE THREE TAILORS.

1. Once on a time three tailors there were;
And a snail, in their fright, they mistook for a bear,
And of him they had such a terrible sense,
They hid themselves close behind a fence.

2. "*Do you go first,*" the first one said;
The next one spoke, "*I'm too much afraid!*"
The third he fain would speak also,
And said, "*He'll eat us all up, I know.*"

3. And now when together they all came out,
They seized their weapons with a shout;
And as they marched to the strife so sad,
They all began to feel rather bad.

4. But when on the foe they rushed outright,
They each one grew choke-full of fight:
"Come out here, come out, you ugly brute!
If you want to have a good stitch in your suit."

5. The snail stuck out his ears from within;
The tailors trembled,—"'*Tis a dreadful thing!*"
And as the snail his shell did move,
The tailors threw down their weapons, forsooth;
And when the snail crept out of his shell,
The tailors all ran away pell-mell!

EXERCISE CXCIII.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

1. (°) Fling out the nation's Stripes and Stars,—
The glorious standard of the free,—
The banner borne through Freedom's wars,
The hallowed gem of liberty.
On mountain top, in valley deep,
Wherever dwell the free and brave,
O'er graves where Freedom's martyrs sleep,
Columbia's flag must freely wave.

2. Raise high the bright, auspicious flag,
From every hight and lowly glen,
In forest dell, on jutting crag,
Afar among the haunts of men.
The sparkling banner, widely flung,
Shall proudly wave o'er land and sea;
And Freedom's anthem, sweetly sung,
Shall swell our country's jubilee.

3. Oh, let the world that flag behold,
The emblem of the brave and free;
The brightest crown of streaming gold,
That decks the goddess Liberty!
Spread out its folds till heaven's dome
Reverberates the holy sound,
That all oppressed have found a home
On Freedom's consecrated ground!

4. (<) Fling out our country's banner wide,—
Our emblematic, starry gem;
Our country never shall divide,
While floats that silken diadem!

Year after year the brilliant stars
Shall indicate the strength of all;
Let all beware of civil wars,
That curse of monarchs—Freedom's fall.

EXERCISE CXCIV.

CLOSING ADDRESS.

J. N. M.

I'm commissioned, my friends, to bid you adieu,
And cordially thank you for hearing us through.
We are greatly obliged for the flattering way
You've been pleased to receive our efforts to-day;
Though, we hear, it's been whispered around in the crowd,
And, in fact, by some persons spoken aloud,
That we've no occasion to feel very proud
Of the attention you thought proper to pay
To our endeavors; for they tauntingly say,
Among other things, that one pretty girl,
Distinguished for hair in perpetual curl,
Having bought her a fine new-fashioned bonnet,
And priding herself a good deal upon it,
Only came here that bonnet to show,
Not caring a fig, if she heard us or no;—
That another was so taken up with a beau,
A dandified fellow, but only so-so
In the matter of brains, as a person might know,
That *his* performance attracted her so,
That *ours* appeared a very dull show;
That a mother at home left a baby quite small,
Just to hear the fine speech of her darling more tall,
And having heard *him*, could hear nothing more,
The rest of us seeming to *her* quite a bore;—

That a certain old lady dozed all the time,
And that certain *young* ladies, just in their prime,
Were so much engaged in talking to others,
Their cousins, perhaps, their uncles or brothers,
That they heard not a word, nor cared they to hear,
Except when they wanted to get up a cheer
For a friend or a relative specially near;—
That, in truth,—I'm loth to believe it, good folks,—
You were all of you talking and cracking your jokes;
Seeming to shun, by all possible means,
Such spouters as we are,—boys in their teens,—
Fellows that hardly know bullets from beans!
Now, we've made up our minds not to credit a word
Of these idle aspersions which we have heard:
So we bid you farewell; being pleased with *ourselves*,
And, also, with *you:* while the envious elves
Who are lacking the taste our talents to prize,
And, therefore, disposed such things to surmise,
We freely forgive; stopping only to say,
If *truth* they have spoken, as they possibly *may*,
We hug the old maxim which comfort supplies,—
"*Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!*"

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